



A
BUNDLE OF TWIGS

HESTER V. CUMMINGS

COMPLIMENTS &
the AUTHOR.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS 5505
Class. Copyright No.

Shelf: 22.37138
1893

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





HESTER V. CUMMINS.

A
BUNDLE OF TWIGS

BY—
HESTER V. CUMMINS

LA PORTE CITY, IA.

FIRST EDITION.

VINTON, IOWA.
THE TELEGRAPHERS' PUB. CO.
1893.



39936

V1



D. P. 7-14-28
8

COPYRIGHTED OCT. 1893

—BY—

HESTER V. CUMMINS.

INDEX.

A Bit of Autumn.....	251	Bitter Sweet.....	202
A Breath of Spring.....	171	Blindness.....	111
Absent Ones.....	107	Building.....	69
Absent Yet Near.....	212	By the Stream.....	126
A Call from Death.....	128	Calling to You.....	74
A Careless Word.....	245	Cared For.....	119
A Child's Thought.....	141	Carving.....	75
A Complaint.....	161	Careless Fingers.....	192
A Cross Birdie.....	233	Changed.....	299
After the Sunshine.....	83	Coming and Going.....	298
After School.....	63	Come and Play.....	78
Afterglow.....	19	Content.....	111
After the Rain.....	267	Contentment.....	200
Afterward.....	268	Crossing the Bridge.....	139
Again.....	61	Crushed Violets.....	53
A Gift.....	27		
A Gift of Love.....	66	Dearer Than All.....	150
A Glad New Song.....	108	Dolly in the Hammock.....	14
A Greeting.....	187	Don't Do It.....	301
A Late Spring.....	196	Don't Fret Over Other Folks'	
A Lost Rosebud.....	138	Ills.....	11
Altruism.....	189	Don't Worry.....	41
Always Winter.....	211	Drifting.....	290
Ambition.....	125		
A Medley.....	34	Easter Day.....	271
A Message of Love.....	181	Evening Prayer.....	42
A Message.....	122	Expectation.....	229
A Monotone.....	248		
An Autumn Day.....	215	Fairies.....	13
An Early Blossom.....	250	Fame.....	28
A Picture.....	117	Floy.....	279
A Poem.....	262	Forget Me Not.....	30
Appreciation.....	106		
A Promised Rhyme.....	173	Getting Acquainted.....	178
A Rainy Morning.....	65	Glad Hearted.....	38
A Reverie.....	258	God Knew it Would be So.....	241
A Reproof.....	203	Going Home From Church.....	29
A Rhyme.....	73	Golden Sunbeams on the Wall..	32
A Sabbath Day.....	98	Goodbye.....	127
Asleep.....	44	Goodbye Old Book.....	67
A Sonnet.....	41	Goodnight but not Goodbye....	64
A Soliloquy.....	58	Grandmother's Birthday.....	70
A Storm.....	149	Grandma's Grave.....	169
A Summer Song.....	97	Growing Old.....	113
At Evening.....	183		
A Thought in Autumn.....	57	Home at Last.....	21
At Noontime.....	137	Home Again.....	100
At Twenty-five.....	115	Hope.....	47
Aubrey Vere.....	33	Hope is not Dead.....	64
A Visit from the Fairies.....	103	How Can We Come.....	237
A Violet's Song.....	118		
A Wedding Wish.....	227	I am With You in My Dreams..	188
		I Am Glad We Cannot See.....	105
Barriers.....	231	I am Poor.....	236
Belated Spring.....	68	Idleness.....	176
Be True.....	91	If.....	289
		If I Had Known.....	56

I Have Given up My Dreams . . .	141	Not Satisfied	226
I know It Isn't So	204	Not Alone	118
Imperfection	29	Nothing Like Work	306
In Aftertimes	153	O'er Distant Hills	15
In Borderland	73	Old Smut	219
Inevitable	222	Old Times	93
In June	239	On Both Sides of the Door	159
In Other Days	251	Only a Little Way	21
In the Way	60	Only a Bunch of Flowers	79
In the Twilight	146	Only a Year	189
In Vain	223	Only a Child	152
Is it Nothing to You	287	Our Grandma	128
I've Done What He Commanded	243	Our Boys	293
I Would Just as Soon Die as Not	283	Out of the Night	115
Janie	36	Out of the World	31
June	145	Over the River	201
Just For Fun	182	O, You are All the World to Me	234
Keep Alive in the Hearts of Your Friends	22	Pansies	120
Keep Nothing Back	43	Pining	184
Keep in Line	157	Playtime	163
Keep Me Near Thee	165	Pleading	276
Last Night	90	Plum Blossoms	199
Late Roses	282	Prayer	198
Let the World Move On	197	Pretty Pet	304
Life is Short	99	Pussy's Lesson	217
Lines on Receiving a Valentine	207	Questioning	143
Lines	197	Quietude	95
Listening to the Rain	140	Rain Drops	218
Little Worries	174	Recompense	102
Little Golden Hair	76	Remembered	123
Look Up	252	Required	164
Looking Beyond	236	Rest at Last	166
Loss and Gain	269	Retribution	186
Lost	253	Retaliation	284
Love Me For What I Am	296	Robin Red Breast	51
Love Me and Tell Me So Some- times	302	Rock of Ages	157
Maytime	55	Round Rolls the Ball	239
Married	247	Sabbath Dawn	147
McGill and McGee	208	Seen from the Other Side	286
Meditation	174	Separated	246
Mother's Birthday	39	Shade or Sun	59
Musing	216	Sighing or Singing	130
My Friend and I	134	Silent Chords	120
My Lover	110	Since Janie Died	274
My Heart is With Her Still	260	Sing to Me	170
My Old Sweetheart	133	Sing	244
My Old Friend Jim	221	Sometime	15
My Sheaves	247	Somebody Tells It	35
My Treasures	151	Some Day	112
Never Again	133	Somebody was Glad	192
No Letter	24	Strangers Yet	210
		Summer Bloom	9
		Summer	301
		Sweet Lilacs	297
		Sympathy	94

Thank God for the Children.....	12	Tomorrow	16
Thankfulness	250	To My Scholars	25
The Way of all Earth	11	Tommy Riddle.....	243
The Setting Sun.....	18	"Tre Le, Tre Le".....	240
The Future.....	20	Treasures	255
The Time is Long	37	Trusting.....	89
The Song of the Rain	37	Turn on the Sunlight	147
The Land Where Our Dreams Come True.....	52	Unanswered	49
The Same Old Story	83	Unforgotten	131
The Model Fisherman.....	233	Unfinished Still.....	167
The Farmer	235	Unrequited	125
The Last Day of School.....	264	Vacation.....	55
The World is White Again	230	Violets	103
The Same.....	170	Wake Up	95
The Turkey.....	195	Weaving	82
The Last Stamp	212	We Let the Days Go By.....	263
The Timid Bee	180	We Must Fight Our Own Battles.....	54
The Summer Sun	142	We Shall All Come Back Again	224
The Same Old Song.....	136	We Shall Meet.....	130
The Old Year and the New	288	What Shall the End Be	71
The Tide.....	305	What He Likes	231
The Wind	156	When Roses Bloomed	271
There are Brighter Days Beyond	158	When the Day is Over	278
They Shall Gather the Roses....	45	When I Grow Old.....	303
Think of Me	214	Why	17
Three Leafed Clover.....	48	Which Way is Best	80
Time Passes on	185	Who Won the Day.....	227
Tired	257	Wine is a Mocker	26
'Tis but a Day.....	108	Winter	97
To a Christian Friend.....	47	With the Tide.....	206
To a Pet Horse.....	277	Words	241
To Carrie F. Wheeler	132	Years after	292
To Guy	297	You Wouldn't If You Loved Me	275
Together	144	You Will Not Be Forsaken.....	200
Tokens of Spring.....	205	You and I	177
To My Love.....	286		
Tommy's Opinion.....	294		

A BUNDLE OF TWIGS.

SUMMER BLOOM.

O THE boughs were heavy laden
With their wealth of summer snow,
And the winds, with faintest sighing,
Sway the branches to and fro.

Bringing to our charmed senses
Dainty breath and touch sublime,
Of this bit of Heaven about us,
Beautiful, cheery, blossom time.

How it thrills our hearts with gladness,
How it drives dull care away,
Taking us in dream and fancy,
To life's sweetest brightest way.

As I write I see you standing
'Neath the gnarled old branches tall,
With their fair sweet scented blossoms,
You—the fairest of them all.

Soon the wind in playful frolic,
 Wafts the loose leaves o'er your head,
Making many a mimic shower,
 As the trees their blossoms shed.

For they, too, have had their mission,
 Warning care-worn hearts, at times,
Into blissful paths of memory,
 Hearing sweetest music chimes.

So I love these summer flowers,
 Fragrant blooming that shall tell
Many an oft' repeated story,
 Where there hidden spirits dwell.

We will cherish, ever fondly,
 All the good and peace they bring,
That shall chain our restless footsteps
 From their love of wandering.

As I read your loving letter,
 These thoughts flitted through my brain,
And I think that life is better,
 And our striving not in vain.

If we list in song and story,
 To these harbingers of good,
That bring hopeful cheering promise,
 We might cherish if we would.

DON'T FRET OVER OTHER FOLKS ILLS.

TAKE care of the minutes and hours,
The days swiftly pass on the wing,
And you have scarce time, as you journey,
To pause for murmuring.
The spring with its verdure soon passes
To summer's golden glow,
And autumn's brilliant colors
Are followed by frost and snow.
Don't look for petty failures,
In the lives of other men,
But do your own duty bravely,
Over and over again.
Don't worry because your neighbor,
Leaves some of his work undone,
You have business enough to keep you
Working from sun to sun.
If not, lend a hand to your neighbor,
Give him aid with hopeful cheer,
But don't cloud your own good nature,
With a weight of needless fear.
The Lord is all-wise and gracious,
And heeds the slightest call,
And though we forget to trust Him,
Kindly watches over us all.

THE WAY OF ALL EARTH.

THE tide is changing and the ebb and flow
Changes our lives without our voice or will.
Though we would have but peace and joy alway,
The shadow and the storm are with us still.

The years are changing and do hearts change not?
Do tender thoughts at all times have full sway?
Or do the darker moments bring harsh tones,
And lovelight fade in reason's clearer way?

The flowers are fading and the withered leaves
Fall silently where careless footsteps tread.
We cannot keep their beauty or their bloom;
They, like fond hopes are withered, cold and dead.

The years are passing, but we grudge them not
The few fresh joys that greet our lives today.
There's change in all around us as we go.
We heed it not as seasons pass away.

THANK GOD FOR THE CHILDREN.

THANK God for the little children,
With their smiles and voices sweet,
And their innocent ways of goodness,
Wherever we chance to meet.

Thank God for their helpful presence,
And their sunshine day by day,
Earth were too drear to live in
If they were taken away.

At times, too, they are helpless,
And we need to strengthen them;
But we receive a double gift
For the deeds we do for them.

What comfort and consolation
In the touch of a little hand,

Caressing our faces in silence;
Who says they don't understand?

Ah! there is a deeper meaning
In their actions than we know;
They are guide-lights sent by the angels
To cheer us as we go.

When we are sad and despairing,
Our hopes and pleasures gone,
If we hear a baby prattling
We smile and journey on.

So, I say thank God for the children,
These harbingers of good,
Who would gladly share our burdens
Of sorrow, if they could.

Yes, thank Him ever and often;
In the hurry do not forget
That He blesses us in His giving—
The children are with us yet.

FAIRIES.

THEY came in merry groups at eve,
And clustered round my vine-clad door;
I love to hear their sweet low tones,
Telling me stories o'er and o'er.

All through the bright June day I wait
To hear their voices sweet and low;
They sing the loveliest songs of joy
And dance and flutter to and fro'.

They comfort me when I am sad,
And bring gay trophies from their homes;
Oh, how I'd like to go and dwell
In a fairy dell with spirit gnomes.

Today I hear their tiny feet,
Pit-patter 'round my garden chair,
And I in fancy smile and say
Good-bye to every trifling care.

They tell of joy that we shall know
When earth-world frees our restless hands,
And we wander at our own sweet will
With friends in an enchanted land.

We know no sorrows when they come;
The sky takes on a deeper blue,
And all of earth seems a rare dream,
And do you tell me 'tis not true?

Then let me dream and never wake
To know how poor a life can be.
Leave me the fairies and their dreams—
Their fancies sweet and mysteries.

DOLLY IN THE HAMMOCK.

ROCK-A-BYE, dolly; swing high and swing low,
I will watch over you dear as you go.

Your nice little hammock hangs here in the light,
I will sing to you, darling, a loving good night.

So close your eyes gently, and fold your hands so,
While I sing to you, dolly, swing high and swing low.

O'ER DISTANT HILLS.

O'ER distant hills the faint light gleams,
In wavering shadows to the west,
While I in dreams of doubt and loss,
Have filled my soul with sad unrest.
The changing years yet bring to me,
Fair visions, far above all ills,
Of joyous hope and peace sublime,
Beyond the grandeur of the hills.

SOMETIME.

WE are climbing the heights here, day by day,
And often the way seems dark and long.
Then again, our hearts are light and free,
As we hear from friendly lips a song.
How we cherish the warmth and love it brings,
And hope, a sweet echo in memory rings.

We are steadily, earnestly, sowing seed,
That perhaps finds rest in a fertile soil,
And will bring forth fruit a hundred fold,
A just reward for honest toil.
Let us scatter the seeds of kindness well,
Their worth, the future alone can tell.

We must not pause though we fail today.
Tomorrow may bring an easier rule,
Or greater strength for the burden given;
We should patience learn in every school.
Work on in sunshine and in rain,
Sometime to know, it was not in vain.

Yet, when there are thorns 'neath our weary feet,
We fain would seek another way,
Forgetting that every path in life
Must have its clouds, somewhere, some day.
Earth's fairest flower may have a thorn,
As noontide and night follow rosy morn.

Thank God for the beautiful sometimes here,
That are bright and precious, and dear and sweet.
Red letter days in after times,
Making our lives here more complete.
For if unfinished our work may be,
'Twill be righted at last in eternity.

TOMORROW.

TOMORROW! Ah me. 'Tis a fitful word,
And many a hope on its dawning clings.
Many joys are planned for the time to come,
As the bird at the open window sings.

Tomorrow! But then it may never come.
That which we hope is a joy for years
May but awaken in our hearts,
A feeling of sadness, akin to tears.

Then while today is bright and fair,
With happy memories for this spot,
Receive the good that earth can bring,
Content without pleasures that you have not.

WHY.

I DO not love you fondly,
Because your eyes are gray,
Or that your hair is wavy, dark and brown.
Nor for your gentle actions,
And laughter light and gay,
The music of your voice I fain would drown.

The world may be all smiling,
And cheerful unto you—
Its tones may lure you onward to the goal.
You may find kind companions,
But friends are oft' untrue,
And bitter poison sears the trustful soul.

I know you labor gladly,
With ready brain and hand,
And your earnest work will never be in vain.
And sometimes as I watch you,
I can fully understand,
That life has pleasant joys, unfraught with pain.

Now I will tell a secret
You may not like to hear,
Yet, after all, perhaps you will not care.
You remind me of a lost one,

Whose memory I hold dear,
I knew so long ago, when life was fair.

Then grudge me not your friendship,
Or e'en a pleasant smile,
To cheer me sometimes, as I pass along.
I thank you for it kindly,
'Twill brighten for awhile
The pathway that seems full of doubt and wrong.

THE SETTING SUN.

I WATCH the sun adown the western sky,
Grow redder as it nears its hiding place,
And yet its rays are dimmer on my hand;
Its warmth is changing from my tired face.

Ah glorious sun, how much of warmth you take;
How much of light the dark earth loves to keep.
Yet you'll be coming with your sunny beams
For morrow's light, while we are fast asleep.

How much of sin is hidden from our eyes
By the rude darkness when you sink from sight;
How many crimes that shrink from light of day
Will find retreat in hushed and silent night.

Why do I dream? Time, with his rapid strides,
Ne'er pauses more than yonder river's flow.
While deeds of good are missed and friends grow
strange,
As I dream on, more than I care to know.

What matter now, if we ne'er meet again.

Tomorrow's sun will gleam as warm and bright,
As though no aching, erring, longing hearts

Through trembling lips say sadly now, "good-
night."

AFTERGLOW.

THE light will come after my darling,
The storm cannot last when its wrath
Has taken the office of nature,
And swept the debris from your path.

Then there will be nothing but roses;
No eyes to meet yours filled with pain.
Only sweet peace, and contentment,
And a knowledge that life is not vain.

Only the sunshine to greet you;
No shadow to linger or fret.
Our hearts are so weak that when tempted,
How easily they can forget.

The faint tinge of daylight that painted
The hill-tops with pink when I came,
Has vanished, and yon distant mountain
Bears now the red light of a flame.

But in life we must ever be earnest;
And though some are false that we know,
There's a deep under-current of kindness,
With a never ceaseless flow,

That brings us a peace and contentment,
That all may truly know,
Even though after the tempest,
It is only the afterglow.

THE FUTURE.

THERE is no light like hope,
There is no joy like gain;
There is no greater happiness
Than that, after grief and pain.

There is no time like now—
Shadows pass with the night.
Temptations can not linger,
Our weak hearts to affright.

No sorrow is deep or sad,
But its power must be spent,
And a calmer peace abide
As a cheerful supplement.

Though the past was full of snares,
At times hope's light unseen,
The winter's frost and snow
Are followed by spring-time green.

And the sunshine of love is bright,
And hope, on joyful wing,
Points toward the future years,
And our eager voices sing.

And our eyes look up to find
Life has a brighter way,
If we think of the scenes beyond,
As we journey day by day.

HOME AT LAST.

HOME at last—O sacred refuge
From the cares of earthly strife
Safe within the blessed portal,
Where we have eternal life.

All our weakness, sin and sorrow,
Left upon the earthly shore.
Home at last, with blessed Jesus,
Here to rest for evermore.

No more wandering in darkness,
Fearing thorns and restless tides;
Safe from life's perplexing duties,
We are His and naught beside.

ONLY A LITTLE WAY.

DEAR little hands that we have clasped so fondly;
Sweet lips that we have pressed to ours.
We miss so much the gentle, living presence,
Of these sweet, blooming, earthly flowers.

O precious, dear, is that fond life that held
Alluring sunshine for our home.

How can we journey on without them,
With aching hearts so empty, sad, and lone?

Full well we know his feet knew not the tiring
Of thorny paths and rough, uneven ways;
His winning smile, his laughter, light and joyous,
Brightened our lives for a few happy days.

Yet we are glad the journey is no longer
From us to him (if needs be he must go,)
And we shall hope and pray, with patience,
To meet him, when our Father wills it so.

KEEP ALIVE IN THE HEARTS OF YOUR FRIENDS.

If you dwell in distant places,
If you find new friends to greet,
Newer and fairer faces,
And voices low and sweet,
Just cherish a tender memory
For the ones you leave behind,
Whose hearts are true and loving,
Whose deeds are ever kind.

Don't let them soon forget you,
But show from time to time
That you are fond and loving,
And want their love's sunshine.

The world is full of sorrow;
We often hear its moan
In throngs of eager pleasure,
Where thrills its undertone.

There are saddened hearts still aching,
From some memory of the past,
As trees are twisted and ruined
By the fierceness of the blast.
But there is joy and gladness
For those who heed His will;
So let us be kind and forgiving,
And remember the old friends still.

Keep alive in the hearts of your friends, then,
Don't let them ever forget
That you still love their memory,
And long to see them yet.
If they're near just visit them often,
Show by your look and tone,
That you still have a claim on their friendship
That your love is not outgrown.

Yes, be kind and cheerful always;
Keep the shadows from your face.
Show the friends who are true and faithful,
You are not behind in the race.
Keep pace with the moving millions—
Keep up with the advanced time.
Keep alive in the hearts of your friends, too,
In every land and clime.

NO LETTER.

(Dedicated to K. B.)

DEAREST, I found a book today,
With your name written neatly there.
It brought to mind, so vividly,
The days we knew once—O, so fair.

I did not read the lines above
The name, for I was very sad,
To think that you are silent now,
When once, your letters made me glad.

Why, dear one, through the changing years,
Have you withdrawn your friendly hand,
That penned sweet words that kept us joined,
Though you were in a distant land?

Are you in trouble, are you ill?
Or why this silence, hard to bear?
I never even doubt your love
With the harsh thought, you do not care.

If sorrow is the bitter foe
Who separates us now, my prayer
Is ever, that the clouds may fade
And leave no shadowing of care,

To darken, any time, your life,
Whose sunshine, even in the past,
Was tempered with a bitter pain
Of silent grief. Does it still last?

If so, then write me but a word,
To tell me you do not forget.

O, let us still, through future days,
Be earnest, true, and faithful yet.

O friend, today I reach my hand
Across the waste of changing tide,
And this betokens that I'll be
Faithful and true, whate'er betide.

TO MY SCHOLARS.

O LITTLE feet, that need such tender guiding,
Will, always, some one guide their way?
And fill their pathway full of roses,
Sweet-scented, 'neath the sunset's ray.

Your love to me has been such a sweet treasure;
I prized it as the choicest gem.
God grant that ever, all your future teachers
Will find you just as kind and good to them.

I thank you all, dear children, for the roses
That filled the room with fragrant breath and bloom;
That carried us, in thought, to fairy woodland,
Away from whitewashed walls and dusty room.

Today we part, dear ones, perhaps forever;
And yet, I cannot bear to have it so.
I know I'll long again for those dear faces,
That have smiled on me in the summer's glow.

The harvest-time has passed, and we have gathered
The golden sheaves from out the treasured store,

And said good-bye, for a short time, to labor,
To rest awhile, outside the school-room door.

Good-bye dear ones, I would that I might ever
Teach each kind heart and hand to do the right.
I leave you with God's blessing resting o'er you,
And bid you all a loving, last good-night.

WINE IS A MOCKER.

O RUM, what a curse to this nation!
What bitter and desolate woe
You leave in the paths around you,
Wherever your footsteps go.
You rob men of manhood and honor—
Making them kneel in the dust,
Knowing not their own baseness,
Or that you are ever unjust.

They fight you in vain in their weakness,
This army now marching along,
Over the graves of its loved ones,
'Till its strength is almost gone.
O cruel and mocking tempter!
Yet, ruled by the hand of men,
When will the earth, rejoicing,
Be free from your toils again.

Boys and men are tempted—
Sometimes, e'en the strongest fail,
Carried away by this evil
That is worse than a cyclone gale.

You silently, stealthily enter
The homes that might be fair;
Did not you, with your mocking laughter,
Fill them with grief and care?

When will the people conquer—
Those who bow down to it now—
Who will not listen to reason,
But break every pledge and vow?
God grant that sometime in this nation
We no longer may find willing slaves
To this evil that only brings them,
At last, to dishonored graves.

A GIFT.

I GAVE you my friendship long ago,
When you were a happy, joyous boy,
And you, on other thoughts intent,
Cast it away as a worthless toy.

Ah well, perhaps 'tis better so;
The changing years will leave no trace
To tell that I have happier been,
For that kind smile upon your face.

We may not meet again on earth—
In different paths our duties lie;
And, if we did, we'd only smile,
And turn with that one word—good-bye.

FAME.

ONWARD to fame our weary feet are pressing;
We think each day we're nearer to the end.
And loving eyes are watching, while in fondness
Sweet prayers from patient, trembling lips ascend.

Tomorrow's dawn but brings today's fresh trials,
And burdens we must carry o'er life's road.
Must patient be, through sunshine and through shadow,
Though light or heavy be the given load.

True, we shall reach the end of merry school life,
To turn another corner in life's street,
Where many seeming friends, wearing two faces,
Will make our lessons only more complete.

We learn the worth of all who journey with us.
Sometimes, the cost, the loss of faith and trust,
To teach us there should be no earthly idols,
For human forms return again to dust.

Then hope may leave our hearth-stones for a season,
And grim despair sit frowning at the door;
A simple flower, a song, may soon recall her,
And we shall bless her coming o'er and o'er.

Again we think, what is the use of striving—
So many never realize wealth or fame.
Why should our lives be spent in haste and labor,
To leave at last, perhaps, a simple name,

That, seeing, future men will not e'en question,
"Who was he—why is his name written here?"
Is our reward just praise for all expended,
Or censure from the lips we hold most dear?

It matters not; our duties lie before us,
And if we trust to God to make them plain,
Yet murmur not, but help the weak and fallen,
In that day we'll not count our loss and pain.

GOING HOME FROM CHURCH.

I WATCHED the long line marching onward,
And wondered what the end would be—
Where some of their bright boats would anchor
Upon life's heaving, restless sea.

A strain of music, deep and thrilling,
Came from the organ at the right,
While the long column, still unending,
Kept wending onward, out of sight.

IMPERFECTION.

SOMETIMES, when days are dark and long;
When the fair sky has lost its blue,
And silent are the wild birds' songs,
And everything seems harsh, untrue,

.I think life is a weary way—
Thorns only, press beneath my feet.
No place of refuge all the day,
Where I may find a safe retreat.

But what is that! A merry note
From out the budding alder tree.
O joyous bird, your swelling throat
Seems bursting in glad ecstasy.

And see! The moonlight, not too late,
Gleams over house, and hill, and glen.
I hear a whistle at the gate,
And all the world is bright again.

FORGET ME NOT.

WHEN the winter day is waning,
And the evening shadows creep
'Round your room so warm and quiet,
Where you soon will rest in sleep,

Let your restless fancies wander
To a friend who loves you well,
Though no more as room-mates ever,
We may for a season dwell.

While the lights are changing, shifting,
And the night its vigil keeps,
Let us roam, in dreamy longing,
Up fair Memory's charmed steeps.

Let us join in song and story,
Newer pleasures we have known,
And once more we'll laugh together,
As we did in days now flown.

OUT OF THE WORLD.

OUT of the world with its sorrow,
I wandered away, away,
And never even wondered
What it would do, or say.
Here in my dear home-cottage,
With flowers sweet and fair,
I dream all the long, bright summer,
With never a thought of care.

I'm happy, but they don't know it
Out in the world, for sin
Keeps them so far from my dwelling
They can not enter in.
I hope they will never find me,
For they did not miss me when
I left them, far too weary
To ever go back again.

It was out in the world that temptation
Led me to taste of sin;
Old stories and early teachings
Grew strangely misty and dim.
Then my heart grew cold and resentful,
And my restless feet longed to stray
Out of the gilded pathway,
To the sunshine of truth's clear way.

So I took up my burden of sorrow,
And bade the great world good-bye;
Went away to find but sunshine,
And birds, and cloudless sky.
And so years have soothed the anguish
And healed the wounds of pain,

And the words of One all forgotten
Come with comforting help again.

So at last, without fear or sadness,
Or cause for bitter tears,
I dwell in peace and gladness,
Knowing that future years,
Though they bring shade of sadness,
Will bring strength to do the best
If I am only patient,
And trust Him for the rest.

GOLDEN SUNBEAMS ON THE WALL.

THE afternoon turns all our best thoughts westward.
Ere night comes settling o'er us like a pall;
And while we ponder and sit idly dreaming,
We watch the golden sunbeams on the wall.

They gleam awhile in radiant lines of beauty,
Then figures make, where shadows lightly fall;
Or lead us where the paths are perfume laden,
These quaint and flickering sunbeams on the wall.

We care not what the outside world is doing,
If we but see the cheerful lines of light
That urge us onward to our untried duties,
And give us courage for the true and right.

We see our children climbing swiftly, lightly,
Upon these ladders of dream fame that rise

Like pleasure heights, just scaled by easy measures,
With ne'er a storm to dim the perfect skies.

On sunbeams, too, come back the days long vanished,
Bright scenes of youth and happy playmates all;
And we but live the time o'er, in the silence,
While watching glancing sunbeams on the wall.

O beams, we thank you ever for your coming;
The fancies sweet, the memories pure, we trace,
And we still ask that though you journey elsewhere,
With us you find a daily resting place.

Shine on, gleam on, in all your transient beauty,
And leave us never, though time's cross may fall;
But let us feel that we have hope and comfort,
While we have golden sunbeams on the wall.

AUBREY VERE.

THEY come like a troop of fairies,
The joys that I once called mine;
Though memory's touch still saddens
The love that once was thine.

Your joys seem sweeter and richer,
Your voice has a gayer tone;
And the careless life you are living,
From a fruitless past has grown.

But I know there are repinings,
And constant cares that fret,
For whatever the outward seeming,
The heart cannot forget.

I might join in the laughter and music;
Might sing with the gayest a song,
Not heeding the whispers of conscience,
As they come in a motley throng.

I might turn aside from the pathway,
Once bright with a roseate hue
Of love's too garnish sunlight,
That fled when it proved untrue.

I might, but my woman's heart fails me;
The past was too dear to me
To make a light pastime of it—
Such a hollow mockery.

Too bitter the grief I have suffered—
The grief, mine to bear alone;
I wonder if years of fond loving
Could, after all, fully atone.

I cannot tell, but I grudge you
No joy that your life may hold;
Only peace, undimmed and cloudless,
As the future years unfold.

A MEDLEY.

THE Sabbath light is lingering o'er the hills
As I wait,
And all earth's joys are turned to ills,
Soon or late.

The river, sullen, flowing at my feet
As I dream,
Changes to bitter all that once was sweet;
And the stream

That in summer time flowed cheerily,
With noisy song,
Has changed to murmuring, notes that merrily
It did prolong.

So I am lingering on the darkened side,
And none may see
That as the winds are shifting with the tide,
Fate, destiny,

Brings naught to me but loneliness and pain,
And deep regret;
For if the past was well, or lived in vain,
We can't forget.

SOMEBODY TELLS IT.

How does my neighbor know
What I am daily about?
Why does the busy world see
What I want it not to find out?
Why, surely, somebody tells it.

How does the editor learn
Of the happenings of the week?
Where do the children gain
The numerous things they speak?
O somebody must have told it.

But I think this meddlesome person,
So busy all the day,
Had better put his weapons of warfare all
away,
And leave all the chiding and judging
Till that last recurring day—
And let only the angels tell it.

JANIE.

O JANIE, my dear old darling,
I miss you at morn and at eve;
And, thinking of you as absent,
My heart can not but grieve.

I miss the old time gladness,
The sunshine and the song;
Since you are not with me Janie,
The time seems very long.

The familiar scenes about me
Recall you so to mind
That death seems very cruel,
And selfish, and unkind.

My heart cries out for you, darling;
The days seem long and drear
When I cannot see you, darling—
Never can find you here.

The waters are wild and angry
In that wide, dividing stream;
So that we may not see you,
Only as in a dream.

We long for the boatman to tarry,
To take us with him o'er the tide,
Where with you in that Land of Promise,
We may e'er in peace abide.

THE TIME IS LONG.

I STRETCH my hands out through the days that linger,
And seek to reach yours—clasp them as of old,
For I again can hear the bees' low murmur,
As they swiftly pass through sunlight's filtered gold.

The blackbirds carol in the leafy hedges,
In gayest mood, through sunshine and through rain.
While I, averse, cannot be merry hearted,
But hear their songs with heart so full of pain.

The time is long, and there are broken measures
In happy scenes and olden memories fond;
The music is discordant, but the beauty
Of peace and love may come in days beyond.

THE SONG OF THE RAIN.

THE wind is sobbing and sighing;
The rain in swift gusts sweeps
Against my bedroom window,
And awakes me from my sleep.

O rain, so full of music!
O wind, with your lonesome sound!
I love you both as I listen,
As you go on your ceaseless round.

I think, and dream, and fancy
That I hear the rain repeat
Some old and loving story,
So quaintly true and sweet.

Over and over 'tis singing
That song of merry June;
When all nature was bright and smiling,
And with love's own joy atune.

So rain drops beat your measure
Upon my window pane;
And winds still murmur gently;
My heart heeds the refrain,

And takes up the thought and gladness
Of that sweet time—once mine,
When life was one fair dreamland,
And earth all bright sunshine.

GLAD HEARTED.

I AM so glad that all the past has vanished,
And nevermore can the short seasons hold
Half of the misery or darkness
That came to me in days of old.

The future days must be all bright and sunny;
Joy must out-ride all barks upon the tide,
That have a cloud to mar their peace or pleasure.
I cast all dreams of fame aside.

O those old days! How I abhor their memory!
How hidden all their brightest light has been;
For idleness was there, and pleasure,
So that sweet peace could never enter in.

The storms, indeed, were very fierce at seasons;
But now I see a clear, untroubled sea,
And fairer sky, of loving promise,
Bringing all happiness to me.

I welcome you, O days of life's glad summer—
Sunshine and peace, and love and bliss.
Let none but happy memories linger,
And let me know no dread but this—

That I shall sometime prove so weak, unworthy
Of all the blessings that the years may hold.
But I shall labor ever, O so gladly!
To keep the best of life's pure gold.

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

DEAR Mother, the daylight has vanished,
The shadows of night are here;
And I have been longing to see you,
But know you are not near.

A year has vanished, Mother,
Since I saw your smiling face,
Yet I hear the music of your voice,
In many a weary place.

The scenes where once we lingered,
In the days of long ago,
Have gone, perhaps forever—
Their joys we may not know.
If grief has been your portion,
I write you now with cheer,
To brighten all your pathway,
Through all the coming year.

May only sweetest flowers
Still bloom around your way,
And bring you peace and comfort,
On this, a glad birthday.
Life has its lights and shadows,
Its joy, and bliss, and care,
But the blessings of His kindness
Surround us everywhere.

A SONNET.

FORWARD bring all your trophies now,
O children young and old;
Remember that the western sun
Takes on a tinge of gold.
Yet life is not all darkened now,
E'en though some shadows fall;
In brighter morn the day shall dawn;
God reigneth over all.
Humbly we now together meet,
Knowing life's joy and love.
Peaceful and happy here, and hope
To meet in Heaven above.

DON'T WORRY.

WELL, what is the use to worry?
The world will take care of its own;
There are places abloom with flowers,
Where the sun has never shone.

Don't fret because your neighbor
Has a finer house and lot;
At the same time he may be longing
For something you have got.

If you envy other people
For wealth, or joy, or fame;
If your position was reversed,
You'd be longing just the same.

Don't worry if the seasons
Are not just to suit your taste;
Trust God to manage a little—
The earth will not all be waste.

He alone can give the increase—
Can provide the abundant supply;
And only when He chooseth,
Shall a blossom fade and die.

He can attend to the weather,
And we need never fret;
For He is wise and loving,
And never can forget.

So don't try to run the machinery
Of the whole world at once;
For, instead of becoming a genius,
You may only remain a dunce.

There are other people, remember,
In this world; nay, not a few,
Who can get along without you,
No matter what you do.

EVENING PRAYER.

OUR Father in Heaven we thank Thee
For all of Thy love and care,
And may we ever serve Thee,
Is our constant wish and prayer.

KEEP NOTHING BACK.

KEEP nothing back. Give out your heart's best treasures.

Let others breathe the sunshine that you feel.
Leave no lone ship to drift in sorrow's waters,
Until despair's harsh stones grate on its keel.

Smile when you can, though your own heart be aching;

It may call forth from other lips a smile,
And we can ill afford to cherish sadness—
We journey here for such a little while.

And all the way is rough, and careless walking
Brings many a thorn-prick to our feet;
And even all the resting at the twilight
Can scarcely make our lives with bliss replete.

If your flowers bloom and fond love crowns life's gladness,

Give to your near ones, all, a plentious share;
For they may pass beyond the reach of giving,
Before the next year's flowers bloom fresh and fair.

Sing a sweet song, if some one wants to hear it.

The voice that asks so kindly for it now
May soon be silent—broken chord of music;
We know not where we'll meet again—or how.

All the kind words received in each dear letter,
Think fondly on, and answer soon and well;
For who may read the next kind message sent you,
Or yours to them, no human voice can tell.

Keep nothing back. Make all the world some better.

Though weak, unworthy, all your life may seem,
Let cheerful words shine like a light around you,
To guide some other boat adown life's stream.

Keep nothing back. The ocean waves are grander
For every rippling rill that swells the tide;
Let us be sowing, soon will come the reaping,
As we draw near the last, bright eventide.

ASLEEP.

THE springtime is here, my darling,
But you do not know it yet;
But I am thinking about you—
I think I shall never forget.

The tenderly springing grasses
Are dotting the earth again,
And the birds, with their wild, free music,
Are heard in meadow and glen.

The little flowers are blooming,
Just out of the dark, brown mold,
Where they have been warmly sheltered,
All through the winter's cold.

But you lie, all unconscious
Of the gladness of life we see
All around and about us—
Nature's sweet mystery.

You are happier in your silence
Than I know I can ever be;
For one gladness that I longed for,
Will never come to me.

I shall come in the summer twilight,
And sit by your shrouded bed,
And watch the simple flowers
That will dainty perfume shed

Above the place where you're lying,
And the time will pass away;
And I shall meet and greet you
As I used to do, some day.

Sleep on, in your sheltered silence!
I will not disturb your rest,
But will come again to greet you,
When our Father thinks 'tis best.

THEY SHALL GATHER THE ROSES.

We may toil as we will, as we journey;
We may taste of the pleasures we know.
But the free hands shall gather their roses,
While ours shall lie 'neath the snow.

If we are bound with a burden—
If our feet are wearied still,
We must not complain if others
Gather the roses at will.

Hidden 'neath smiles of pleasure,
We might look for a tortured brain,
And hear the throbbing life-beats
Of a heart that is full of pain.

And we think some are gathering roses,
Who only scatter the seed,
Leaving the growth of the blossoms
To be watched by those who need

So much of life's best sunshine,
Untempered, without alloy,
To fashion their better natures—
To fill their world with joy.

And shall we begrudge the roses
To other lives than ours,
That are needing the scented life-breath
Of the fresh, the beautiful flowers?

Shall we wish the thorns to poison
The fingers that reach for them,
Because our pathways are shadowed—
We never see sunlight again?

O help us, Our Father in Heaven,
To strive for the better tone
Of purity and kindness,
Of selfishness outgrown.

And a simple trusting that tells us,
We may serve Him if we will,
Even if others around us
Gather the roses still.

HOPE.

THE morning brought clouds and sadness,
The noon brought clear sunshine;
And now as the twilight gathers,
Sweet comfort and peace are mine.

Peace, not of earth so fleeting,
That the wing of a bird might sway,
But the rich blessing of his promise,
That fadeth not away.

And I thank Him tonight, for His goodness
Has brought such a brightness to me;
A hope—that after parting,
If he wills it, our friends we shall see.

If not in this world that we gather,
Where are partings and promises vain,
We may greet in that heavenly mansion,
Never to part again.

TO A CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

ARISE, dear friend, behold the glorious morning,
That wakens at the rising of the sun,
As if all nature, and the friends of nature,
A newer, stronger life had just begun.
Throw off the yoke of care and discontentment,
And let sweet joy fill all your soul today;
Put on the garb of peace and royal service,
And from your life bid sorrow flee away.

Dwell now in Him, and learn of Him e'er gladly,
As ceaseless time flies by on tireless wings;
No hope for earthly things in His bright haven,
The pilgrim knows, as cheerily he sings.
The world may scornful be, and sneer so rudely
Upon the travelers, though they have sinned;
Have touched the hem upon His sacred garment,
And crying "help," look toward the light undimmed.

On rudest thorns their untrained feet are pressing.
But no complaint shall pass their trembling lips;
For he who long has drained the cup of pleasure,
Must learn its worth as from the dregs he sips.
How can we keep from singing His dear praises,
Since He to earth a lonely wanderer came!
Took on the flesh and daily walked so humbly,
Bearing so meekly all the guilt and shame.

Shine on, O sun, and brighten in your beauty,
This busy world from which a chosen few
Shall meet with Him, and be in love united,
Yet while on earth, are happier for you.
How happy are the ones who live and trust him!
Who meekly bear in peace His chastening rod;
Whose happiest moments here are in the toiling
That brings them nearer to their home with God.

THREE LEAFED CLOVER.

O CLOVER abloom in the meadow!
O heads gleaming white in the grass!
Why do you bend and quiver,
And shrink from my feet as I pass?

I love you, O leaves and blossoms;
I watch you as I pass by,
And earth seems to hold more of gladness,
And I see no clouds in the sky.

Yet I cannot always remember
The lessons of joy you would teach.
I cannot sing praises half worthy
Of you, in my faltering speech.

And still you are nodding and bending,
Where gently the breezes blow;
I laugh as I reach out and clasp you,
O fairy-like blossoms of snow.

But four-leafed, where are you hiding,
I look for you, all in vain;
Only three leaves greet my vision,
Over and over again.

But I know a good spirit is sheltered,
Where even the three leaves dwell;
Whose story, faintly and sweetly,
To me in fond accents they tell.

UNANSWERED.

O HILLS, fast purpling in the twilight dim,
Your grandeur bids me toil and gain your heights,
Where, in the nearer, plainer vision gained,
I may peer through the sun's fast fading light.

What chains you there, immovable, serene,
Through calm or storm, through shade or shine?
What mystery of hope or peace have you,
That may not, if I wish it, now be mine?

O towering hills, bend lower now and tell,
In whispering tones, I plead, what lies beyond.
May I pursue, untiring, all the way,
And find such joy that my heart shall respond?

You answer not, O hills so calm and cold;
You stand unchanged through all the seasons' time.
You have no answer on your proud, high brow,
To answer this rebellious heart of mine.

So I must wait, through weary days and years,
To greet the joy I hoped to find today;
But life must know some gladness and content,
Though what we love to keep is given away.

Yes! Though we lay a burden that we love
Down at the feet, so eager, too, to go,
We must resign it, though 'twere sweet to keep,
And never let them know we prized it so.

So life goes on, and every round of years
Brings with its sadness, some sweet peace or bliss,
Fulfilling all the promises of love,
And making, too, amends for what we miss.

ROBIN RED BREAST.

LITTLE Robin Red Breast,
I am glad you are here;
For you come so early,
And tell us spring is near.

You look so gay and cheerful—
Do you want to sing?
Are you glad to come here?
Do you think it's spring?

I will feed you, Robin,
For I love to hear
Your sweet songs and chirpings,
In notes so loud and clear.

And do you know, dear Robin,
What mamma told to me?
That if we'd wish for something,
The first robin that we see,

Our wish will be granted, Robin;
Yes, it will all come true.
Now do you wonder, Robin,
That I am kind to you?

I love you, little Robin,
As I have said before;
Now come and gather all the crumbs
I've scattered by the door.

You are my friend, dear Robin,
And I will ever be
A friend to all the robins,
With their free-hearted glee.

So, little Robin Red Breast,
Sing and sing to me,
Come every morning early,
With your cheery chirp chee re.

I will not fling an arrow,
To wound your bright red breast,
For God has made you, Robin,
And can care for you the best.

THE LAND WHERE OUR DREAMS COME TRUE.

THERE'S a land in a far away country,
Where the skies are fadeless and blue,
Where there's never a sound of sorrow—
The land where our dreams come true.

There is music and mirth and pleasure
As pure as the fragrant dew,
Where is never a tone discordant,
In the notes so sweet and true.

O that beautiful, beautiful city,
Where is sunlight undimmed and bright,
Where fairest flowers are blooming
With never mildew or blight.

Where strife and sinning and sorrow
Will be ended for you and I,
And faint lips never murmur
" 'Twill be better by and by."

Where rested feet are pressing
The green and daisied sod,
And purest lives are blended
With the perfect life of God.

And pleasures undimmed and fadeless,
With never a thought untrue,
No fancies to tire our senses
But where all our dreams come true.

CRUSHED VIOLETS.

SWEET scented blossoms that I loved
And gathered at the close of day,
Why should you droop and wither so,
And hide your smiling eyes away.

O gentle flowers, lowly born,
You scarce look up to greet the light,
And only for a little while
You help to make the sad earth bright.

I hold you in my trembling hands,
And burning tears fall while I say,
I cannot keep you fresh and fair,
Like hopes of earth, you fade away.

We too shall fade, and missed no more,
While laughter rings above our tomb,
And where the moist earth covers us,
Next year the sweet spring flowers shall bloom.

WE MUST FIGHT OUR OWN BATTLES.

WE must fight our own battles, my children,
We must wage against wrong with the right;
We must have but one leader for captain,
If we would be first in the fight.

We must ever be patient and cheerful—
A smile is more precious than gold.
We may all be helpers and teachers,
To the young as well as the old.

And out of the pleasures and trials,
Our own lives must strive and awake;
Work as we will for the Master,
He suffered e'en death for our sake.

We cannot ask others to help us,
To carry the burdens we've made,
And let them toil, weary and sunburned,
While we sit at rest in the shade.

No, we must be faithful soldiers,
If every battle we would win;
No one can live our lives for us,
Whether of goodness or sin.

Then gird on your armor, my children,
Right about face in the field.
Keep step, and keep faith in your captain—
Look well to your helmet and shield.

You want to be heroes and victors?
Then *fight* till the last light of day,
And you will have captured the enemy,
And conquered, at last, in the fray.

VACATION.

THE old school house stands empty in the sunshine,
The bell's loud clanging tongue is still;
The teachers now are seeking other pleasures,
While the dear children roam at their sweet will.

The days pass by with healthful pleasures laden,
Our hearts grow light and gay with joy again,
And we are feeling—O so glad and thankful
That labor ended where our rest began.

The sun shines brighter through the waving tree-tops.
The birds sing sweeter from their nest,
And every day of happiness so welcome
Is crowned at last by evening's peaceful rest.

So let the children learn to prize their freedom—
Freedom of thought, and action as they live,
And of the joys and peace their lives are needing,
May they have all the changing earth can give.

I leave them so, all happy, cheerful, loving,
May sorrow never make their bright eyes dim,
And may the teachings live so as to meet them
In blissful happiness, some day, with Him.

MAYTIME.

THE first of May and only tender leaves,
Are seen where once rich foliage has been,
Sweet May, with happy mirth and song,
And a few flowers are gladly welcomed in.

Now in the meadow, down where the tiny streams,
Low murmuring, flow steadily along,
I stop to pick a few bright yellow flowers,
And know they will not linger with us long.

The fresh green grass is short and softly fine,
And makes a verdant carpet for our feet,
We thank you for it with a grateful heart,
Nor chide because your flowers are not as sweet.

As household blooms we cherish in our homes,
Where many a joy is welcomed with delight,
For we still love you and will ever be,
Eager to welcome you, with warmth and light.

IF I HAD KNOWN.

If I had known in the springtime,
How, all the summer long,
I should miss your pleasant friendship,
In the midst of mirth and song;
If I had known, ah, in knowing,
Could I have kinder been,
And kept the loving letters,
With such sweet peace-within?

I doubt now, when I ponder,
That I could have smiled and said,
Such tender words that the flowers
Of friendship, would not now be dead.
But I did not know in the spring time—
The summer brought me the truth,

And I wrote on the dear fond letters,
"Another dream of youth."

Then came the dark brown autumn,
With its undertone of woe,
With its wailing and sobbing, sighing,
As if for the "long ago."
And now white chilling winter,
Is monarch of the land,
All dreams and hopes are buried,
Beneath his out-stretched hand.

But to each in his life I am thinking,
Come seasons of pleasure and pain,
Oft' we lay down a precious burden,
That we ne'er shall take up again.
No matter for thorns or crosses,
That beset our lives today,
Sometime they too shall vanish,
And love, himself, hold sway.

A THOUGHT IN AUTUMN.

THE summer days have passed, and autumn,
With nature's brush is painting everything,
The once green trees are donning colored garments.
As gay as singing oriole on the wing.

The crickets chirp harsh notes, and children
Play livelier games upon the sward,
And we, although we labor gladly,
Grow too impatient for reward.

We look for rain, but still the cold dark morning,
Tends only toward a brighter sun at noon,
And later, falls the chilling twilight,
The clouds have vanished all too soon.

A SOLILOQUY.

You were married tonight, my darling,
And the old-time joys we knew
Must never be remembered,
Or some one will be untrue.
I sit alone in the firelight,
Building air-castles again;
I wonder and I wonder,
When we two shall meet again.

I think how your fair face, darling,
Will shine in the brilliant light,
As some one shall greet you fondly,
And call you his own, tonight.
You do not think of me, dearest,
Sorrowing here alone
For the one I thought would make sunshine
In my little cottage home.

Your heart is gay and gladsome;
Your smile is bright and free.
'Tis better so my darling—
That you do not think of me.
The world will move on tomorrow,
The same as in days gone by.
What matter if things look different,
Even to you and I?

Yes, truly, what does it matter?
We shall all in time grow old;
The leaves of our life book each moment
More readily unfold.
And as we near life's evening,
What verdict will "they" pass
Upon the sober scholar,
And the merry, brown haired lass.

Who lives in the little cottage?
"A bachelor, old and gray;
His old sweetheart lives in the mansion
Standing across the way.
Grieving, or sorry? O no, sir!
She is happy and never cast down,
While he, (Jim Brown in the cottage,)
Is the merriest old bach in town."

SHADE OR SUN.

WE find sweet flowers growing
In many a thorny hedge,
And sometimes rare, sweet blossoms
On high or stony ledge.
In storm, or shade, or sunshine clear,
Some song or joy our hearts shall cheer.

We find kind friends anear us,
To sympathize and plan,
Helping us bear our burdens
As kindly as we can.
And we smile sometimes, though clouds may roll,
For love and peace cheer the trusting soul.

'Tis the sunshine makes the shadow—
More joy comes after pain,
And we cease to frown at the service
Performed again and again.
So we lift our hearts in thankful praise,
For shadow and sunshine of the days.

IN THE WAY.

IN the way, yes, ever and always.
I feel, with a sense of pain,
That trying to do my duty
Is at last to be all in vain.

The sunlight that shines through the window
Brings its comfort and joy, and yet,
Through all the glimmer and splendor,
Come thoughts I can't forget.

I think of the jokes and the laughter
That arose at my expense,
With never a word or token
Of love, for recompense.

There must be, on this earth somewhere,
A place where I may go,
And, with a life all happy,
I'll freely, gladly know

That from that time forever—
No more to go astray—
I shall have a home of refuge,
And not be in the way.

AGAIN.

COME again, sweet springtime,
With your flowers, and warmth, and glow;
Come to me here in this haven,
As you did in the long ago.

Did you know I was happier with you
When the birds in yonder tree
Sang, in the shade of its branches,
Such beautiful songs to me?

They sang because they were happy,
I think, and they seemed so gay;
But the tiny things were frightened
When I stirred, and flew away.

I have no pleasant memories
Of a dear love, and whispered words
That were heard with their tender accents,
Only by me and the birds.

If I *had*, my heart would be sadder,
And I could not bear the pain
Of seeing the birds and the flowers
In the same loved spot again.

But you see I had no lover
To pledge his vows to me,
And then forsake and forget me,
While he went over the sea

To find a fairer lady,
And bask in her sunny smile.
Truly, I had no such lover—
I am happy all the while.

I love you for your flowers,
And the winds that softly blow
Over the fresh, green meadows,
And, too, the gentle flow

Of the little, silver streamlet,
Here in this shady glen.
It sings to me sweeter and stronger
Than the changeful voice of men.

It seems to me I can hear it,
Laughing in merry glee, -
As it goes to tell some story
To the ever murmuring sea.

I do not long for old friendships,
That were sweet when they were mine,
But lost their trust and kindness
When chilled by the winds of time.

But I just want the fresh, green springtime;
Then summer will come again,
And we shall eagerly gather
The sheaves of golden grain.

AFTER SCHOOL.

CLARA, my dear old schoolmate,
I can hardly write a word;
I feel so very lonesome—
Not as happy as a bird.

I dare not think of my schoolmates,
Or the old schoolroom at all,
For fear that in remembering,
The bitter tears should fall.

The winds sweep over the prairies,
And a mist hides the light of the sun
As it creeps over hill and meadow;
And I, with my day's work done,

Start on my homeward journey,
Not happy, and light, and free,
For my life is dull and dreary—
Void of all ecstasy.

I can't tell you about the children
Just yet, for a little while,
But I shall, when again I see you,
Welcome you with a smile.

So goodnight, dear friend, and God bless you;
May the future years to us bring
No more clouds than brightness,
In this maze of wandering.

HOPE IS NOT DEAD.

LOVE's beautiful fruition may be a transient beam—
A flickering light to linger at the last;
And we may feel despairing when skies are not serene,
And tire of life when happy days are past.

Above the thundering tempest and warfare of the
world,
Where strife, enthroned ne'er dreams of peace and
rest,
Gleams a bright star, like a flag of truce unfurled,
That whispers to the spirit, "God knows best."

So cheer up, lonely traveler, through every thorny
way

Hope gleams anew, to dispel doubts and fears,
And we shall find a respite—find comfort after loss,
And live again without the blinding tears.

Hope is not dead; it liveth, within the secret heart,
And hushes all the wailing and despair,
And lifts our thoughts in raptures above earth's tran-
sient bliss,
And points us to a vale all bright and fair.

GOODNIGHT, BUT NOT GOODBYE.

WE say goodbye, and sad the word at parting,
As if some shadow is to come
Between us and the glad tomorrow,
Ere our short tasks of love are done.

Goodnight, but not goodbye. I linger
With lighter heart beside the door;
But when I hear a goodbye spoken,
I wonder, "shall they meet no more?"

Goodnight, until the day awakens,
And we say goodmorning as we meet,
After a season of changeful shadows,
Finding life's friendships doubly sweet.

Goodnight! The twilight falls so gently,
The earth seems sinking to repose;
While we, with glad hearts for our labors,
Welcome the day's sweet, restful close.

Then say goodnight, while we, in life's short jour-
ney,
Part but to meet as time goes by;
But when the journey here is ended,
At the last parting say, goodbye.

A RAINY MORNING.

THE morning light comes creeping through the win-
dows,
The barn-yard fowls proclaim the day is nigh;
While showery mist and sparkling raindrops hasten
To cover earth and dim the distant sky.

And I arise, with heart all glad and thankful
For mercies passed, and blessings yet to come;
And for this, now, that He has sent us moisture
To grow us food within this earthly home.

The corn stands straighter on the southern hillside;
Each flower and weed lifts up its drooping head,
And gives us such a hopeful, joyous pleasure,
In knowing that at least they are not dead.

We gaze with grateful love upon the meadows
That crown the fruitful workings of His will,
And meekly bow as we receive His blessings,
And say, through sun and storm, we love him still.

So on they go, the bright days coming after
The showers we need to make the dark world
bright;
And we find life is fairer, richer, sweeter,
For this short rain that came to us last night.

“A GIFT OF LOVE.”

How did you know my heart was full of pain
That I was longing for your tenderness
That every line you wrote, and word you spoke,
Was to my soul, a balm of blessedness?

I love the book you sent me with your love;
I deem it as a constant friend of mine;
I read, and read again, the precious gems
That can not help but give me light, divine.

I touch the pansies with caressing hand—
They mean so much to me; I can not tell
The sad, sweet memories they bring
Of that dear one I knew and loved so well.

Think not, dear ones, I slighted your fond gift
Because the days in silence have passed by;
Thought has been busy fashioning new ways,
Weaving rare pictures in love's cloudless sky.

But do you think that I can write, or say,
Even in rhymed words so fond and true,
The tender love, the gentle, kindly peace,
That came to me with this sweet book, from you?

Words fail to tell you all; and deeds will fail
To show how much I prize it, and its worth
Is far above the rubies and the pearls—
It helps to make my Heaven here on earth.

I shall not try to thank you, then, at all,
But gauge your loving thoughts, girls, by my own,
And I pray that into all your lives may flow
A portion of the *joys* that I have known.

GOODBYE OLD BOOK.

GOODBYE old book, you're written through
With divers thoughts, some good, some ill;
And you are soiled, and old, and worn,
And yet, methinks, I love you still.

For you and I have been together
When all the world was lost in sleep.
You know the joys that I have known,
And you, too, know why I must weep.

I think sometimes you almost share
My griefs and cares—my days of bliss—
But out of friendship, or of love,
Our gladness comes at last to this—

That we must say a last goodbye;
Must leave the past, whate'er we will,
For if we love we must not speak,
But wait in lonely silence still.

BELATED SPRING.

THE world was green but yesterday,
And cheery birds sang out their lay;
And warmth and light, and budding flowers
Made us forget our work, to play.

But in the silence of the night
Old Winter came, with footstep light,
And scattered snow with lavish hand,
And dressed the quivering trees in white.

Today the branches bend and groan
Beneath the weight of clinging snow,
And frightened birds flit in and out—
Where is the spring that cheered us so?

'Tis interrupted in its flight.
'Twas here last night—'tis gone today.
We hope old Sol will soon come out
And chase the Snow King far away.

BUILDING.

I BUILT my hopes upon the sinking sand,
My ideal, but an erring human form,
And so my courage failed me ere the night
Had swallowed up the rosy light of morn.

Their's was the gain and mine the loss at last,
Though watching them was pleasure for awhile,
I know full well we should not prize too much
The transient merits of a friendly smile.

I walked alone, and trembling looked upon
Those climbing upward, as to some loved God,
Nor strove to find a newer broader path,
But blindly followed after, where they'd trod.

Still thinking that I, too, sometime should stand,
Where their feet rested on the higher ground.
My life but proved a weary sham and cheat,
While theirs, the real, the truth and beauty found.

I found the truth at last, in autumn time,
When earth her dreariest garments flaunted wide,
The raindrops pattered on the falling leaves,
And seemed to murmur "Lost upon the tide."

The day and my thoughts were in unison,
And made but discord in my puzzled brain,
While with the ever varying mood and time
Sought answer to that tremulous refrain.

"O, builder wherefore linger in despair,
And pine for hopes and dreams now in the past;

Cast off thy burden—look to Him for strength,
And build on a foundation that shall last."

Now I am building from the truth at last.
Cheerful and kind my life shall be alway,
So that my structure shall shine clear and bright,
Beneath his smile upon the last glad day.

GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

WELCOME uncles, cousins, aunts,
Brothers and sisters all,
Welcome children and grandchildren,
And their children, great and small.
Everyone is welcome,
Glad are the friends we greet,
Grandma smiles at the laughter
And the patter of little feet.

Tiny hands are uplifted,
Caressing the dear old face,
That in our hearts forever,
Shall find a resting place.
How many pleasant birthdays,
Grandma has known in her time,
Sixty-eight through shade and sun,
And today will be sixty-nine.

We hope they have all been pleasant,
Filled with joy and bliss,
But we know not one among them,
Can out-weigh the joy of this.

One by one have these milestones,
 Been passed in the journey of life,
There has been some sunshine, always,
 Some rest in the busy strife.

The flowers of grandma's childhood,
 With their sweet and rich perfume,
Have put on a fuller beauty,
 'Neath the gleam of the sunny noon.
And though their hues are somber,
 Since the noontide of life has passed,
There are still sweet peace and comfort,
 In the days that go so fast.

Bless you grandma, God bless you
 More and more as you grow old,
May the evening of life have dull shadows,
 To mar the sunset's gold.
When your work on the shore is ended,
 And your boat is launched on the tide,
May His hand gently guide you,
 To your home on the other side.

WHAT SHALL THE END BE?

THE sun comes up to the eastward,
 And shines for you and for me;
The Frost King has waved his scepter
 Over summer blossom and tree.

As we go to our daily labors,
With hearts that are bond or free,
We wonder, ah! still we wonder,
What, at last, the end will be.

We laugh and smile in our gladness;
We moan and sigh in our pain.
Yet life, still, still unresting,
Calls us on to our tasks again.

So on we toil—pursuing—
O'er mountain, and valley, and lea,
Though never a step in the journey
Foretells what the end shall be.

O feet, though weary with walking
Since the light of early dawn,
Pause not, there shall be resting
After earth's light has gone.

Yes! after the fitful shadows,
The great glory we may see;
In Him made perfect, immortal,
And know what the end will be.

A RHYME.

I HAVE sat in the vale of shadows,
And waited, with bitter tears,
For the busy gleaners to bring me
The fruit of the passing years.

But I am weary of waiting—
Every one has something to do;
And he who is earnest and faithful
Will receive the reward that is due.

So I'll take up my burden gladly,
Nor murmur or complain,
Knowing, if clouds surround me,
The sunshine will come again.

IN BORDER-LAND.

MY heart is filled with longing dreams,
O friend of mine, in memory true;
And through strange mysteries and scenes
I'm wandering ever nearer you.

Nearer to that fond, trusting heart
That beats in unison with mine;
Could we but journey side by side,
We'd have no need of earth's sunshine.

O dearest one, I reach my hand
Across the space between us yet,
And clasp your hand so tenderly,
For hearts, we know, can not forget.

Can not forget, through changing years,
With love-light always for a guide;
Will not forget—joys are too sweet,
And brighten life through storm and tide.

So heart, and love, and memory,
Still cheer, or haunt me, in life's way,
Though I must heed stern duty's call,
And rest not in love's shining way.

But I'll ne'er chide your presence sweet;
I welcome you as I fondly say,
The dreams we dream in border-land
Shall all come true, somewhere—some day.

CALLING TO YOU.

My heart calls out to you, darling,
Through slowly passing days;
I think and dream about you,
As we journey different ways.

But the stars in heaven above us,
With their tiny, twinkling light,
Keep guard so true and watchful,
As we slumber through the night.

And I know the misty shadows
That burden our lives today,
Shall, as we walk together,
Silently drift away.

O darling, the way must be brighter
For the few kind words I send,
For you know my heart is lighter
For your comforting, my friend.

CARVING.

HERE is the marble, rough, unhewn;
What will you choose for your design?
Come with a will, and plan it well—
I can not make your life-work mine.

Take time's worn chisel—just at hand.
Wait not for future light or gold;
But work, while yet 'tis early day,
Before your heart and brain are old.

Your hand must carve the features fine,
Or leave coarse, rugged lines of woe.
Another's hand might mar it all;
Your hand must work—He wills it so.

Will you have Fame? Then strive and win
The jewels for an earthly crown,
And, though disaster meet you, oft,
Through storm and tide, be not cast down.

Will you have Joy? Then sing and act—
What life means in its gladness given;
Nor pause to sigh, though misty skies
Come, as love's fondest ties are riven.

Will you choose Love? Then follow on,
Where dear, fond hands are reaching down
To draw you from your lowly toil
To higher paths—to share your crown.

Will you choose Peace? that passeth earth,
And tells the soul of heavenly things?
That maketh Life one long, bright day,
And is a balm for sorrow's stings?

Then look, and learn, and lean on Him
Who guides—upholds you where you stand—
And Who, when storms are fierce and wild,
Still keeps you 'neath His sheltering hand.

LITTLE GOLDEN HAIR.

THE sound of tiny, restless feet
Made sweetest music in my home;
I guarded them with watchful care,
That they might never want to roam.
They will never walk in the paths of sin,
For I sit alone in the twilight dim.

The sweet voice, lisping baby words,
The dear hands, busy with their play,
Have been here, but the baby's lips
Feel not my loving kiss today.
How dreary the old home nest will be,
Since my bird has flown away for me.

Here's a half-worn shoe, and a little dress
That I made with tender, loving care,
That but remind me now, with pain,
That I have lost my "Golden Hair."
I cannot repress the bitter tears
As I look toward the future, joyless years.

Look toward the years that bear for me
So much of loss, without redress;
So much of pain and misery.
O, what can ease this loneliness!
Can anything cheer my aching heart,
Since the baby and I must dwell apart?

I miss the little prayer she lisped—
The face that nestled close to mine,
And the dear, brown eyes and golden hair,
That brightened those happy days of mine.
But now there is silence, still and deep,
That tells me she has gone to sleep.

My little Pet that I loved so well—
Can any other mother know
What it is to listen for the feet
That cannot patter to and fro'?
To list for a voice, but all in vain—
To call, when one cannot come again?

If other hearts are sad like mine—
If they, too, know the pain and loss,
O help me, Father, now, I pray,
More patiently to bear my cross.
To live in the light of Thy love alway—
To meet her at last, where 'tis always day.

COME AND PLAY.

You may have my box of colored silks,
My book with its cover of blue;
The blocks to build nice bridges with—
My hammock and rocking chair, too.

You may take my doll with the yellow curls,
And eyes of turquoise blue;
She is just as loving as she can be,
And I'll let her play with you.

You may rock Annette in the cradle swing,
Or sew on the quilt for my doll;
You may hold old Tabby when you swing,
If you will not let her fall.

We will drink our tea in the parlor, Bep,
From the dishes of gold and white,
And we will let Tabby and Towser stay,
If they will be very polite.

And after that we will sing and play,
Or run, or romp, or keep still.
O, if you will only come play with me,
You may do whatever you will.

But I am lonely, and want you now—
Come and kiss me while I wait;
Just get your hat and leave mamma,
And meet me at the gate.

Come and stay here all day long,
And at eve hear the crickets sing;
And the frogs will croak in the low, damp bog,
And the bird with the spotted wing

Shall sit in his cage and sing for you,
And you may rest if you will;
But only come and play with me,
And then I will try and keep still.

Come, little Bep, come out and play;
I love you so well, you see,
And if you will come, I am just as sure
That you are in love with me.

ONLY A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

'Tis all that is left me, Katie,
To remind me of old times and you;
This bunch of faded pansies,
Purple, and gold, and blue.

The yellow has not faded;
This pansy—I think it means you,
Is purple with a heart of gold-dust—
A token of love so true.

Only a bunch of flowers!
And yet, how much they tell
Of old-time friends and schoolmates,
Who loved each other well.

Oft will I long, dear schoolmate,
As I look at these withered flowers,
To be back, for a time, to that summer,
With its happy and sunny hours.

But clouds will gather round us
As we go, sometimes astray,
So that only in memory we wander
Back to a vanished day,

That held some sacred pleasure
We tried to keep—in vain.
There's a sadder chord in the music,
When we listen to it again.

I'll keep these flowers, though faded,
As a token of friendship true—
All that is left me, Katie,
To remind me of old times and you.

WHICH WAY IS BEST?

MORNING? Ah, yes, the way is darkened;
The sweet glad sunshine in our home
Seems to have vanished, and in daylight,
We think the evening time has come.

If we could tell what grief she might have suffered,
What sorrows seen upon her earthly way,
Would we, e'en in our fondest loving,
Have wished our darling child to stay?

Stay in this world with all its bright temptations,
When her dear feet in childhood's sunny day,
Had not begun to feel the thorns beneath them,
But found sweet roses only all the way?

Is it better so? Why question when we know
His gentle hand doth lead us as we go,
Watching the tender lambkins of His flock,
Because the way they cannot, cannot know.

And yet, to think we may not daily see her,
That our sweet blossom of fond love has gone,
Was it that we in simple trusting faith,
Might say to him, "We'll gladly follow on?"

We cannot tell; today our hearts are grieving,
And mourning for the baby in our home,
Scarce pausing now to think that in His wisdom;
He has not left us comfortless alone.

While one sweet voice is silent as we linger,
A little comforter is truly ours,
Who, when the way is dark and long,
Will strew our path with love's sweet flowers.

But when I see her playthings—tokens all—
Of her bright self, of life and hope to be,
And then to think life's thread is broken now,
'Tis hard to any joy or pleasure see.

We seem to see her playing everywhere,
We hear her voice in childish song ring out,
And when school closes for the day,
We hear her step and merry joyful shout.

We hear them? No, 'tis only in a dream.
The days pass on, and time is changing still,
While we must bear our burdens with the rest,
And take our share, alike, of good and ill.

We miss her though—God only knows how much—
At night her kisses, through the day her song,
But we still have a hope and promise sure,
Our journey here on earth will not be long.

Ah soon we'll pass far out upon the tide,
To anchor safely on the golden shore.
What blissful happiness will then be ours,
To meet our loved ones there, to part no more.

WEAVING.

OLD Time with his shuttle is weaving today,
Do you hear the sound, click clack, click clack?
While we are furnishing warp and woof,
In deeds of love we can never take back.

Or threads of darkness, doubt and pain,
That will make the shadowing, in a life
That we would have so bright and fair,
And so, we too, enter in the strife.

He weaves a bit here of sunshine pure,
A thread of gold it must surely be,
While the little threads of unselfishness
Are pearls from out the heart's love free.

Again a clouded piece appears,
Bright hopes that were marred by vain regret,
And the broken threads that we must leave,
We never, never can forget.

Yet we must be striving day by day,
To bring bright threads, good seeds to sow.
That when the thrums are gathered well,
Our web of life we'll surely know.

And count it not all dark and uneven,
If some is bright and fair to see,
If the Master's voice shall say to us,
"Well done, now bring thy sheaves to me."

AFTER THE SUNSHINE.

THE night has come and all day I have missed you,
Have thought about you on your way,
Wondering if you, too, are weary—lonely,
This evening after this bright Sabbath day.

I thought of you as the bright morning sunlight
Came in its splendor through my window pane,
And sighed to think that ever for your coming,
Today I should be looking all in vain.

Still hope gleams on, above the lonesome hill tops,
And whispers low, "The time will not be long,"
We all must labor, whether shade or sunshine
Is ours, to mingle with our daily song.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

"COME wife, let's go to meetin',
I think it's about the time;

While I've sot here a readin',
I heerd the clock strike nine.
The young folks—I s'pose they're a goin',
I see the girls flyin' round;
And the boys, them noisy critters,
I ain't heerd much of a sound
From them, so I guess they're busy,
Riggin' themselves up right.
My! my! if I'd dressed like they do,
Wouldn't I a' been a sight?
But things is a changin', changin'—
I wonder if I'll change, too,
And get a different body—
One that is strong and new.
Ah me! Well, they're a comin';
We'll go 'n hear the preacher a spell,
An' see if he'll preach sort o' decent,
Or just give us pictures of hell.
Here's Nathan 'n Susan 'n Em'ly,
And Kate an' Billy 'n Joe;
Is that all, or can't I count 'em?
Why, there, yes, I ought to know,
There's one more—our baby, our darlin',
Who makes more light, I've found,
Than the great big sun a shinin';
And her voice is a sweeter sound
Than the little birds a twitterin'
And a chirpin' roun' the door;
Now where is the little mischief?
I've called her o'er and o'er."
"Why Jon'than," his wife said meekly,
"Benton Dinsmore just come by,

And asked our Dolly to walk with him;
‘I guess it’s all right,’ said I,
So they are ahead of us, Jon’tan.”
“Yes,” he muttered, “in more ways than one;
If young men must come a courtin’,
Why’d they take the youngest one?
So that is our baby, our Dolly,
A walkin’ up the street
With our neighbor’s stylish nephew,
A smilin’ on him so sweet;
I thought sometime she’d leave us,
But not for years and years.
O, to just think of partin’ with her,
Fills my old eyes with tears.
And here is Susan ’n Em’ly,
Older and steadier, too,
And Kate, she’s a goodly housewife,
But it seems none but Dolly will do.
Well, I’ll set that young feller a thinkin’
When this here meetin’s through;
He’ll find that this game o’ courtin’
Must allers be played by two.
But then he can’t mean nothin’,
Surely; why ’tis only a spell
Since she was a toddlin’ round here
A prattlin’ baby talk. Well,
Here we are to the meetin’—
I’ll hear what the preacher’ll say;
If he does what he ought to,
He’ll preach a good sermon today.
I see Dolly a smilin’ at me
From the other end of the pew
As much as to say, ‘O daddie,

I'm glad you're with us, too.'
She's such a soft little creetur',
Rosy, and dainty, and small;
I suppose a feller with any heart
Must love her, after all.
What's the preacher a sayin' ?
Lay up your treasures in Heaven,
Where thieves can't break in 'n steal 'em,
And let all wrongs here be forgiv'n ?
That means if a neighbor is sneakin',
Why you must be good to him,
And heap coals of fire on his head,
And not believe in his sin.
Well, I'll think it over, Preacher,
When I've been home a spell,
But now I'm thinkin' of Dolly.
Is she a treasure ? Well,
I just guess she is, and a good one—
There, I'm a gettin' old,
And think more of my children
Than a miser does his gold.
But here is an end o' the meetin';
I heerd the choir screech
As if Heaven is a long way off,
And mighty hard to reach.
I like the old-fashioned singin',
Where we all joined in the hymn,
And I think 'twill be union service
When we meet to sing with Him.
Yes, truly, times is changin'—
Do I change most of all ?
If I do, it don't much matter,
For Death's angel soon may call.

I see Dolly a comin',
A smilin' at me so sweet;
It won't need many in Heaven
Like her, to make it complete.
'O dad,' she says, most in a whisper,
'Wasn't that sermon grand,
About the treasures in Heaven?'
And she takes me by the hand
Just as she does every day, most,
As we go walkin' round—
When her eyes are full of mischief,
And her voice has a pleasant sound.
Yes, I say, he preached a fair sermon,
But I like some treasures here.
'I know how *you* think, daddy,
You're such a good old dear,
You want us all to be perfect.
Now we must be going, I guess,
For you're hungry, ain't you, daddy?'
'Yes, I am, I must confess.'"
"Why, John'than, what makes you so sober?"
His wife said at his side,
"The minister preached a good sermon,
And the music was nice beside."
"Yes, I know," he said slowly and gently,
"I've been thinkin' of His word,
And seein' my transgressions
Again' the will of the Lord.
An I'm goin' to forgive neighbor Hartly,
For the wrong that he has done,
An' I'll feel as it it pleased the Lord;
The years so swiftly run,
That I'll soon be laid away to rest,
An' I want the children to know

That I tried to do what was just and right,
Before I had to go."

"Don't talk so John'than Morley,

You know you try to be good,
And do by neighbor an' family
Just as a christian should.

And they all esteem and respect you,

They know you will keep your word,
So don't be sad and down-hearted

At the sermon you have heard."

"It aint the sermon, Nancy,

That's a troublin' my heart just now:

But I'm a thinkin' of Dolly,

I can't give her up, somehow.

She is such a comfort to daddy,

An' cheers his poor old heart,

I don' kno' what'll ever become o' me,

If we two has to part."

"Now see here, my good kind John'than,

Just think when you was young,

Didn't you love a nice young girl,

That laughed an' played an' sung?"

"But—but, she was older, Nancy."

"Yes, but the youngest of the flock."

Then John'than grew quite sober.

He felt a fearful shock

Of truth and pity assail him

And his eyes again grew dim,

When the scenes that others pictured,

Related so closely to him.

"So you see its the same sweet story—

Their happy time. Life's June."

Yes, the same old song or story,

But—its sung to a different tune.

TRUSTING.

THE awakening earth, new beauty all around,
Tell us where happiness alone is found.
The opening leaves, the grass with dew o'er spread,
The flowering branches beckoning us o'erhead.

Call forth the rain, and sunshine's gentle breath,
O what a resurrection after death.
What emblem of the life that may be ours,
For we shall fade, and wither as the flowers.

The Lord is good and gracious, this I know,
For how he guides my wanderings to and fro,
He heeds the sparrows, knows the raven's call,
And keeps His loving watch-care over all.

And out of all of my rebellious past,
He bringeth forth a message sweet, at last,
That speaks of only gladness in a song
Of praise to Him. The journey is not long.

Then I shall rest with Him, in that home-land,
Where heart and for each shall understand,
No sad forbodings, weariness or pain,
But a reunion with our loved again.

And shall be rest, and joy, and peace,
And perfect happiness, that shall not cease.
Eternal bliss beyond earth's death of night,
Where naught but love and peace greets heaven's
light.

LAST NIGHT.

LAST night I dreamed of Janie.
O pale was she, and fair,
And she seemed to know no sorrow,
Or have one thought of care.

But just like the old-time playmate,
So merry and cheerful, too.
Sometimes I am, O so sorry,
That never a dream comes true.

Nora and I had been walking,
And came in where the lamplight's glare
Showed us that vision of Janie,
With her wealth of gold-brown hair.

She said she came over to see me,
I was glad as in olden day;
And we were so happy, not thinking
That she had not come to stay.

We talked of our cares and pleasures,
She had her trials, too.
About her tasks of crocheting,
And the work that she could do.

She could not stay till morning,
And soon prepared to go;
But there were no dark shadows,
Or rain, or mist, or snow.

Only the calm still autumn,
And the wondering wind's low breath,
So calmly had faded the summer
That we heeded not its death.

And when she was ready to leave me,
She came and kissed me goodbye;
While outside I saw the glitter
Of stars in the distant sky.

I was not sad at the parting,
For I thought when the morning came
We should meet again in gladness,
But the dawn showed my hoping vain.

It was only a journey to dreamland,
I had taken in the night;
The fair sweet vision faded
Away in the morning light.

"BE TRUE."

"THIS above all," from a past history ringing,
Though each may strive to execute his plan;
"Unto thyself be true," and it shall surely follow,
"Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Thou must be true. Ah, what an inspiration!
What noble thoughts to mortal minds impart;
What pleasing rhymes of home, and friends, and coun-
try,
Might now arise from out a throbbing heart.

"Unto thyself!" Yes, truly, there all greatness
Begins, but may not end—'twere folly then.
It must arise, like mist o'er land and ocean,
And kindle purer thoughts in other men.

“And it shall follow, then”—what consolation—
“As night the day,” and day the night again.
If thou feel kindly toward all fellow creatures,
For evil deeds thou’lt not give back again

The evil thoughts deep rooted in thy nature,
But will, with pure and steadfast eye, yet give
Hope, courage, strength, to all who smite or harm
thee—
Teach them the better, stronger life to live.

A life that wavers not at each misfortune.
But nobly rises from the sorrow’s deep,
With calmer vision, and more peaceful being.
As if the time had been spent in a sleep.

“Thou canst not then be false,” ah! pause and listen,
“To any man.” That meaneth all mankind,
For if thy work be good, and pure, and earnest,
How near a nobler life, thy path thou’lt find.

I charge thee, then, to learn these words of Shakes-
peare’s;
Engrave them deep upon thy heart and brain.
And though temptation sweep o’er every landmark,
Remember them through toil that seemst in vain.

’Twill give thee strength, and faith, and renewed
courage
To fight life’s battles—gain the right at last;
And gratitude and love through all thy being,
Will be for him who wrote them in the past.

OLD TIMES.

TURN back, O years full of sorrow,
And bring me the golden past,
When my heart was glad and happy,
And I thought every joy would last.
O years, with your bitter bondage,
And Time, with your lines of care
That you're leaving upon my forehead,
And in my shining hair,
Could you not give me freedom,
E'en for one short day,
To review the scenes of childhood
That are now far away?
That blossomy, fruited orchard,
South of the old red gate;
How often have I sat 'neath its shadows,
Waiting for Fortune and Fate.
I no longer dream of the future—
I awakened long ago,
And said goodbye to the homestead,
With its blossoms of scented snow,
That fell, like feathery snowflakes,
When the budding time was o'er;
And the bitter tears fell quickly,
As I left the old home door.
"Old times!" how we yet love them,
Though others, too, may please;
Old faces! how we bless them—
No others seem like these.
Kind fingers, whose firm clasping
Gave strength to some weak heart—
Why, then, in all the future,
Must we still drift apart?

Will never the tide roll backward,
And bring my boat to the shore,
Where I left the dear ones standing
When the parting time was o'er?
If not, O then may I meet them,
Anchored in safety there,
Upon the shore before me,
Where all is bright and fair.

SYMPATHY.

SOMETIMES when I am sad and weary—
Tired of life's crosses and its pain,
I know, amid the shadows gathering round me,
I'll long for those dear old-time friends again.

Not for the days when first I knew them,
For I know that all the sunshine, bright and warm,
That filled the pathway where their feet had lingered,
Has vanished in the tempest of Time's storm.

I'll long for a few kindly words to cheer me,
Or for the clasp of some dear, vanished hand,
So I shall know that some old friends were faithful,
Who dwelt within that happy, chosen band.

Where then, with all their merry laughter,
Will be the gay young friends I knew of old?
Will some be wandering in outer darkness,
Or safely gathered 'neath home's sheltering fold?

I can not tell, for all the years are hidden
From eyes that would grow weary could they see
The future years, so filled with pain and pleasure,
That may be given, perhaps, to you and me.

WAKE UP.

WAKE up, little flowers, look up to the sun,
For your sleep for the winter I'm sure must be done.
The warm winds are blowing, far over the hill,
And the little, short grasses are nodding at will.
The waters are flowing, down there in the brook,
And nature is opening her beautiful book.
I love you, sweet blossoms—O, why will you sleep!
Why, still in the brown house, so sheltered you keep?
Look up to the sun, and grow all the day,
And help the dear earth to look smiling and gay.
Come one and come all, I welcome you, flowers,
With birds and the grass and the gentle showers.

QUIETUDE.

UNDER the daisies and grasses—
Under the lillies, he sleeps;
While often, in lonely silence,
A mourning one still weeps.

The winds whisper softly above him;
The birds coo a lullaby,
And Nature soothes our sadness,
As the cheerful days go by.

We list to the changeful echoes
Of the moving things we see,
And almost wonder, in silence,
That we heed Death's mystery.

For, out of the fitful shadows,
He has passed on the narrow way,
To sleep till His call shall awake him,
At the last, great Judgment Day.

Then shall he share the gladness
Of a love that is all in all,
Though no more can he be with us—
He has gone beyond recall.

The sunshine gleams through the branches,
The grasses nod and bend,
And we know that His care will sustain us,
Who loves us to the end.

Thank God for the rest and the silence
That have crowned a life so dear;
We shall journey on to meet him,
Though he could not linger here.

A SUMMER SONG.

THE breezes sigh through field and grove,
The clover tops are bending over,
All things are whispering glad and gay,
But where are you, my truant lover.

Where indeed, through the long, long day,
When Nature's wealth toward us is tending,
Fills and enriches all the earth,
And sings sweet songs that seem unending.

The crickets chirp, the wild birds call,
The grasses nod, and wave and quiver,
While early leaves are sifting down
Upon the bosom of the river.

I listen to these sounds, nor heed
The war of strife that man is making,
Toiling to win his daily bread,
Oft failing in the undertaking.

O summer, sing your sweet glad songs,
And cheer the heart of each fond rover,
We all shall hold your memory dear,
When the bright summertime is over.

WINTER.

I LOOK out on the gathering night,
Through a wavering snowy mist,
On the tall trees bare and brown,
That all day the winds have kissed.

And I see the river flow
By the banks so sullen and black,
And a drift of snow where at morn
Was a narrow icy track.

Ah me! is one sorrow hidden
In all the mist and storm?
Do the poor go thinly clad,
And need a fireplace warm?

I think of the chill of life's winter,
The shadows and toil and fear;
Then I ponder on the gladness,
That will come with the bright new year.

A SABBATH DAY.

HEAVEN'S own beautiful sunlight
Is flooding the earth with light,
Waging war with the frost king,
Who was reveling here last night.

A thousand diamonds glisten
Where his brush, like an artist's wand,
Has made rare, fanciful pictures
All over this wintry land.

The trees stand tall and stately,
Naked, and bare, and brown,
Robbed of their summer verdure—
But are snow-wreathed for a crown.

The snow lies, white and restful,
In rough, uneven ways,
With rifts of light and shadow—
A marvel as we gaze.

The calm and restful silence
Fills all the holy day,
With naught of earth's discordings
To take the joy away.

Dear Lord, forgive our transgressions—
Help us to rightly pray;
Give us of Thine abundance
Of gladness, day by day.

Keep us as Thy dear children;
Help us to understand
The way we are to follow,
Led by Thy guiding hand.

And may joy and blessed thanksgiving
Out from this Sabbath flow,
Like the peace of a benediction,
If Thou dost will it so.

LIFE IS SHORT.

LIFE is too short for repining,
Or to fret at every ill.
Be a man and battle bravely,
And smile in the world's face still.

If some shall choose to scorn you,
Be thankful they notice you;
And if they are bitter, work harder
To prove that their words are untrue.

Don't stop to idle a moment—
Make the most of your talents and time.
Get nearer the ideal standard—
Keep striving to make life sublime.

Be up and be doing: be faithful;
Keep a watch on your actions, too,
For the world takes note of your movements,
And is ready to prove you untrue.

Yes, life is too short to be wasted—
Too precious to idle away;
So keep up, with courage unaltered,
To the duties you find round your way.

Then never pause for the pleasures
That lure you away from the right,
But keep to the straight road before you—
Do your *best* in your strength and your might.

HOME AGAIN.

MY life has lost some of its shadows,
The clouds are drifting away;
And I'm thinking and fondly dreaming,
As I sit in the twilight gray—

Dreaming of days now vanished,
That held real joys I knew;
And now my boy is with me,
Loving, and kind, and true.

My boy! God knows how I've missed him,
Through many a weary day.
How I longed to hear his footstep,
When I knew he was far away.
I hope he will never leave us,
For we are getting old and gray;
Ere many years have vanished,
We, too, shall go away.

My boy, so grand and kingly—
So loving now to me—
Good, and kind, and cheerful,
Just as he used to be.
The flowers will bloom more brightly
When the springtime comes again,
And my heart will feel more peaceful,
And lose some of its bitter pain.

Now that our boy is with us,
To cheer us through all the gloom,
His presence, so bright and cheerful,
Makes sunshine in every room.
So today I am fondly dreaming
Of my boys—their lives and mine.
And through my brooding fancies
There comes a mellow chime

Of merry bells, all ringing
In a sweet, low undertone.
They seem to tell me gladly,
"Wish you joy, your boy's come home."
Come home to the friends who love him—
Come home and come to stay;
To do his rightful duty—
Gladly, now, always.

RECOMPENSE.

THE world was hidden in shadows,
The children had gone away,
And it seemed that nothing but discord,
Came to fill the Sabbath day.

My heart was full of rebellion,
I could not sing, I said,
When hope was gone, and the flowers
Of pleasure were withered and dead.

Then through the open window
Came the sound of a blessed hymn,
And my heart throbbed with latent gladness,
And my eyes with tears were dim.

And a calm fell on my spirits,
Like a shield of true defence,
And I felt that for every trial
His love was a recompense.

VIOLETS.

LITTLE blue flowers abloom in the grass,
I stoop to greet you, as lightly I pass.
You waken old memories and cheer me today,
I would I might keep you as lovely away.
But I know you'll be weary, at setting of sun,
For then you'll be nearing the race you're to run.
But you are so dainty and beautiful, too,
I think you are tokens, of love fond and true.
I gather a bunch of your blooms blue and white,
And kiss you and clasp you with gleeful delight.
If shadows are coming I shall not despond,
For you teach me lessons of gladness beyond.
Look up to the sun and smile and be free,
For surely you're happy when you are with me.
I love you and hold you against my warm cheek,
You gladden my heart though there's no need to speak.
O beautiful flowers abloom in the grass,
I seek you for comfort, each day that I pass.

A VISIT FROM THE FAIRIES.

THE long nights pass,
The changeful days go by;
The soft breeze, whispering, tells to me
Some story sweet,
That I still love to hear—
A key to unlock the unknown world to me.

And I can see,
As countless throngs come near.
The fairy folks, so quaintly clad;
Their eyes aglow
With love's pure, radiant light—
They are so happy, every lass and lad.

I sit and dream,
And watch them as they go.
On some sweet deed of charity intent;
They sing to me
The notes, so sweet and low.
That all my life seems teeming with content.

And then they come,
Draw near to my low chair,
And in a chorus say to me,
"We'll take your cares,
That you have borne so long.
And go and fling them all into the sea."

"We'll take your tears,
And all your doubts and fears
And scatter clouds that lie so close to you;
And you shall be
As free and gay as we.
Just say we may, and you will find 'tis true."

"What! Take my tears?
And every grief I've known,
And leave me joy alone, away?
May I not keep
One fond, sad memory
Of a dark grief that came to me one day?"

With saddened mien,
 And voices murmuring low,
They turned and left me. O'er and o'er
I call, in vain—
 They will not come again—
They've turned the key inside the charmed door.

And now I know
 That I may hug my grief—
May pray for patience, love, again;
Though hope is gone,
 Yet life were too near Heaven,
Were we to lose the bitterness and pain.

I AM GLAD WE CANNOT SEE.

I AM glad we cannot see the shadows
That lie so darkly round our way,
That send their darts of pain and power,
Athwart our lives like ocean spray.

I am glad we do not know what sorrows
Await us on the morrow's dawn;
Perchance our weary feet would stumble,
Have no new strength to journey on.

I am glad a veil divides the future
And present, that our eyes may rest
Upon the scenes that lie before us;
God wills it so, and it is best.

We may not tear aside the curtain
That shields the unknown from our sight,
'Twere added pain to our dull vision,
To strive against His strength and might.

So I am glad that we may trust Him,
May find safe shelter 'neath His wing;
That we may come and seek His blessings
In all our earthly wanderings.

APPRECIATION.

"I LOVE my mamma the best," said Ned,
As he laughingly shook his sunny head.
"I love her the best as you will see,
I think she's as good as she ever can be.
She lets me spin my top on the floor,
And does not scold at the open door.
She finds my cap and mittens for me,
And gets my kite from the maple tree.
She mends my pants when the boys all laugh,
And she taught me to feed the brindle calf.
She poulticed my finger when it was hurt,
And brushed my clothes when I fell in the dirt.
When grandpa went home and didn't take me,
She kissed and comforted poor little me.
She makes the best cookies under the sun,
And she lets me eat 'em just for fun.
Yes, I know there was never a mother so good,
Now wouldn't you have her if you could?"

ABSENT ONES

THE change has come at evening,
The shades have darker grown
Since I've journeyed back, and remember
That I must walk alone.

The trees have lost their verdure,
The flowers have dropped their leaves;
No more the swallows twitter
Beneath the drooping eaves.

How silent is the woodland !
The brown leaves rustle long,
And sadden all the landscape
Of nature's cheery song.

Down by the dear, old brooklet
I sit awhile to rest,
And list again, in memory,
To the voices I love best.

They come in pleasant cadence,
Whispering soft and low;
Cheering this restless spirit
With their mirth of long ago.

But I ne'er shall see the faces
Of those dear ones I knew;
Still I shall ever cherish
Their memory, warm and true.

And that will brighten the pathway
To joys and hopes unknown,
Where all the darkening shadows,
Into fullest light have grown.

A GLAD NEW SONG.

IN bursts of song my happy heart
Finds its relief of melody,
And through the passing hours I trace
The soul's sweet notes of harmony.

Over the fields a lone bird comes,
On gentle wing, in quest of food,
While patiently the mother sits,
Watching the remnant of her brood.

O calm, still air; O summer song;
O songster's notes that fall so free;
Bring all your peacefulness to bear
On this blest summer day to me.

I'll sing with you; nor let a doubt
Lodge like a shadow in my breast,
But listen to the bright, new world,
Knowing for aye, His way is best.

'TIS BUT A DAY.

RING out, O joy-bells, with a gladsome measure;
Bid all the earth be free, and glad, and gay.
And all shall don their robes of peace and splendor,
For this must be a festal memory day.

I send you this in token of remembrance,
For joys that have been—hope of joys to be;
Though many boats with time's rich fruitage laden,
May never pass upon life's changing sea.

I write these words, this pleasant summer even,
To let you know that in this home-like spot
Sweet memories are clinging, aye, and resting,
That seem to whisper low, "Forget me not."

Forget you not! Ah yes, we will remember,
Through all, but just the happiest, sweetest things;
And ne'er will we regret the days now vanished,
For joys still come, though borne on tardy wings.

'Tis but a day that saddening thoughts shall grieve
us,
And then comes sweetest rest, the silent night;
When we forget our cares, and dream in slumber,
Until the dawning of a newer light.

'Tis but a day that here our work is given,
To bear, and do, and patiently live well.
We sow the seed, then wait the rain and sunshine;
But what the harvest, He alone can tell.

'Tis but a day; then, nevermore the parting,
In silent sorrow, as our loved ones go,
While we, in vain, wait for their kindly greeting;
Our loneliness their hearts can never know.

'Tis but a day, and then the absent, missing,
(We miss some who, on earth, are very near)
Shall meet together with a glad rejoicing,
In perfect love, that casteth out all fear.

Then, birthday bells, ring out in tuneful measure—
We count not time as you go passing by;
For joy will rise above all earthly sorrows,
And hope's bright sun shine on in pleasure's sky.

MY LOVER.

O, HE is the dearest old darling,
So gentle, and fond, and true;
I am sure if you only knew him,
You could not help loving him, too.

So cheerful, he is, and unselfish—
He brings me rare gifts every day;
The days are so sad and lonely,
Whenever he goes away.

He is brave to encounter all danger,
And gaily laughs at my fears;
And when I am troubled, my lover
Just kisses away all my tears.

He is eager to please and assist me,
With hands ever willing and free;
And when we can share our misfortunes,
We're as happy as happy can be.

I have learned to trust and adore him;
I willingly come at his call.
He tells me sometimes, O so gently,
In sweet tones, "I love you *all*."

"I think you are such a *good* girl,
To do kind things for me."
I say, "Because *you* are so loving,"
And we are both happy, you see.

Yes, he is my prince among princes,
As good and as pure as gold.
His love is true and unselfish,
My lover not quite four years old.

CONTENT.

THE day is wearing on apace,
The western sky is all aglow.
The tree tops touched by varying breeze,
Are gently swaying to and fro.

I hear the sighing of the wind,
And watch the pigeons in their flight.
And see content in every scene
Of nature's beauties, clear and bright.

BLINDNESS.

IT was a nice morning in summer,
The birds sang their songs of glee,
As they followed each other blithely
From the limbs of the maple tree
To the rose bush under my window,
Where the sweet-scented flower bloom,
Came, like a breath from heaven,
And perfumed my darkened room.

I could not see their beauty,
But they felt fresh on my hand,
And helped me to be patient
And better understand
Why this cross to me was given
To carry a little while;
I should love my darlings better,
When again I saw them smile.

And yet there has been repining,
Sometimes in this little room,
When my heart was very heavy
And all seemed deepest gloom.
Then I'd hear the chirp and twitter
Of the little birds at play,
And that would drive my heartache
And mournfulness away.

And, though my eyes grew misty,
Oft times as I longed to see
If the old home all around it,
Was just as it used to be.
I knew in the blessed future,
The scales from eyes should fall,
If in patience I did His bidding,
Who knoweth best, after all.

SOME DAY.

SOME day, ah me, some sacred time,
When lillies bloom and joy-bells chime,
Will you come back, lost one, to me,
With all your old sincerity?
Lost! did I say? It is not so.
If you were mine I'd not say "go;"
But I say, lost (just lost to me)
Because your face I no more see.
No more clasp loving hands and say,
We will be true and kind, always.
You never would be true I know,

For *you* could never love *me* so;
You could not feel the faith and hope
That, always, need no larger scope
Than a warm heart to love and bless,
And a peaceful home's own sacredness.
Into all lives the darkness falls—
Dread shadows that the soul appalls—
And saps the life-blood from the brain;
And tasks our lives beyond the strain.
Can we with gentle patience say,
“ ’Twill end ere long, I know, some way? ”
O life is full of strange, sad scenes,
O flights of fancy—foolish dreams;
And we may hear their tones, I say.
In memory's cords of Yesterday.
My heart has known its song of woe,
Its flowers of mirth, that bud and blow;
I thought I could be glad and gay,
If you came back to me, some day.

GROWING OLD.

THERE are white threads in your hair, dear,
And your once fair brow, I see,
Has some shadowy wrinkles in it;
Are you happy as can be?

Do you find the way all beauty?
Do you find love's roses, too,
Clambering over ledge and highway—
Roses blooming, sweet, for you?

Does your heart get weary, sometimes,
At the tardiness of fate?
Do you learn of some sweet gladness
That was meant for you—too late?

Do you feel the chill of shadows,
As the years around you creep?
Do you need a hand to aid you,
When you're toiling up the steep?

Ah! dear one, I think you falter,
As your journey you pursue;
You have missed the fairest blessings—
You've refused some gladness, too.

Yes; I know the years move slowly,
And at times there's pleasant weather;
Yet, the joys of life are lessening.
But—we will grow old together.

So I say, if dreams are fading—
If illusions cannot last,
If some sacred trust was chosen,
And relinquish in the past.

We can read from the same pages
Through a mist of tender tears,
All the records kept in memory
Of the once bright happy years.

For I, too, feel time's oppression—
Feel the chill of wintry weather,
But we have this consolation—
We are growing old together.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

OUT of the night the soft winds came,
Tenderly,
And sang to me in a gentle strain,
Lovingly,
Of the happy friends I love so well,
Sincerely,
On thoughts of them I love to dwell,
Dearly.
Out of the night the day awoke,
Light-gemmed;
I looked on the bright, new world, and spoke:
"O Friend,
Who reigns above in joy and light,
Fervently,
We raise our hearts in love's delight,
Ardently."

AT TWENTY-FIVE.

TODAY is my twenty-fifth birthday
And the tide of life ebbs and flows,
Carrying upon its bosom,
Pleasures and pain as it goes.

At twenty I thought life a failure,
And all hopes only a dream,
But five years of earnest endeavor
Have made the poor past only seem

Like a wavering light for a beacon,
Where the careless feet may tread,
While today so strongly invites me,
That I steadily look ahead,

To a clearer light shining, and fancy
I see the blest dawn of success,
While peace and contentment abiding,
How sweetly and gladly they bless.

Uprising o'er every temptation,
The way to the right I behold,
While ringing through all of my musings,
Comes the story that never grows old.

A tiresome world? This we live in?
If we look at the stormiest side,
And never once search for the sunbeams
That reflect golden light on the tide.

For clouds will always be thickest
Where we look for them here below.
We may find good in every creature,
If the good we want to know.

And this is a part of life's labor,
To seek for the good and the pure,
That happiness and contentment
For ourselves we may insure.

The notes I've been singing are stronger
Than the ones I sang last year,
And the words of hope are sweeter,
I am happier, never fear.

My story is hardly ended,
But the time creeps on apace,
And as the world still grants us
A home and resting place,

I must work for the good and honor
Of the dear ones toiling here.
For my life has some light of gladness
For each day of this pleasant year.

A PICTURE.

THEY came up through the crimson-lighted west,
The happy maiden and her kingly knight,
Free-hearted, gay, and unaware,
That life held aught of care or blight.

So proud he looked, as if the world were proud,
To call him heir to its estate;
As if success for him were mete;
In tardiness it should not wait.

And she, my loving, true, sweet girl,
So sunny tempered, free as summer air.
Her life one perfect holiday
Of joy and peace without a care.

Both dear to me; both good and fond and true,
May they with love, go hand in hand always,
And ever through love's rainbow, shadow-kissed,
Find hope's clear light in fairy land of day.

A VIOLET'S SONG.

HERE in the quiet wildwood
In pleasant joy I bloom,
Where there's never a shade of sadness,
Or sorrow, or dreary gloom.
O come, ye sorrowful children,
And when this nook you've found,
Where there is only beauty,
And no harsh grating sound,

You will be cheerful and happy
All the livelong day,
And never think of the autumn
Of your life, as time flies away.
The merry birds are singing
Their pretty songs of glee,
Then come and find sweet comfort,
Here in this home with me.

NOT ALONE.

WE cannot live to ourselves alone,
In this world of toil and sorrow,
For the help that we give and the joy that we get,
Are more than the trouble we borrow.

We cannot work for ourselves alone—
So many are needing assistance;
We must smile, and sing, and comfort bring,
In the face of all resistance.

We cannot see for ourselves alone;
Others are failing—stumbling;
We must let our light shine clear for them,
Without repining or grumbling.

Ah me! we think, so selfishly,
If we need not work for others
What sights we should see—how happy we'd be—
In not caring for sisters or brothers.

But gentler thoughts must guide our lives;
We must ever and ever be doing,
Seeing the fairest, and sweetest, and rarest—
Only the good pursuing.

CARED FOR

I AM glad you are safe-sheltered
In the tender love and care
Of home's clear light and sunshine,
That make life bright and fair.

I am thankful that true friendship,
Like the gentle, swaying leaves,
Twines around your heart and memory
Like a happy dream that cleaves.

Your feet, dear, will never weary
Of the tiresome paths in life,
For the pleasant ways they traverse
Are not near the storm and strife.

Yes, the love of those about you
Keeps you free from every harm,
While you still lean confidently
On His sustaining arm.

SILENT CORDS.

I TOUCHED the harp in musing mood,
But it gave no answering tone;
The sweet old notes I loved so well
Had now forever flown.
The chords were silent at my touch—
Ah me! I prized them overmuch.

PANSIES.

O PRECIOUS fateful pansies,
How dear you are to me!
What old fond memories waken
When your faces sweet I see.

You are almost speaking, pansies,
You are fresh, and bright and fair,
And when I gaze upon you,
My life forgets its care.

You recall some happy moments,
Some peaceful summer days,
Some loving friends and dear ones
Who have gone in different ways.

But though their gentle faces,
I cannot really see,
You bring them nearer, pansies,
In a sacred memory.

I look upon you fondly,
Though the tears cannot but start;
And a love for your rare beauty
Fills all my earnest heart.

Yet, how, through the long summer,
The first since she went away,
Can I bear life without her?
We used to be glad and gay.

My heart is aching often
For her look and gentle tone,
And yet I know her gladness
Is greater than I have known.

And pansies, you make me remember—
I see it all again—
The road over which she journeyed,
Freighted with hours of pain.

But you brought her such rich pleasure,—
Far more than I could tell—
Can there be any fairer flowers
Where vanished spirits dwell?

If, out of our earthly sunlight,
She needs must walk alone,
I am glad that you are left us,
To bring hope to our home.

Lift up your pure sweet faces
And bloom for us alway,
As messengers of beauty,
To cheer us day by day.

April 30, 1892.

A MESSAGE.

TODAY, if I had known that you were weary,
Tired of life's fitful sun and storm—
Longing for a day that is not dreary,
And the shelter of a home all bright and warm;

If I had known your heart was aching, longing,
For kind words from the friends that you have left,
And pictures of the dear and loving faces,
Of which you now so sadly are bereft.

I would have sent you loving words to cheer you;
To give you courage as your road extends
Farther away from all that is familiar;
Have written you that we will still be friends.

Come back again to those who miss you sadly—
Who listen for your footsteps, all in vain;
Come back to help and cheer them as time lingers,
E'en though you lose a tithe of wealth and gain.

The years will bring you gladness, rich, unmeasured.
In caring for these dear ones here, I know;
Then come once more and cast your lot among them,
And cease your restless wandering to and fro'.

REMEMBERED.

WHILE the fleeting years are folding
Your life in the mantle of time,
Though some of the way be dreary,
Void of sweet sunshine,
You say you will remember,
The scholars you leave today,
And think of them with kindness
When you are far away.

Sometimes when we sit in the shadows,
Away from the light of the sun,
And are dimly hoping, wishing,
That the race will soon be won,
When the pleasant dreams of morning
Are wrapped in evening's gloom,
And we weep for youth's gay springtime
That has vanished all too soon.

The advice of an absent loved one,
Given in kind words and true,
Will guide us in our weak judgment,
And give us a work to do.
Something to keep us busy,
Something to strive for and win,
Idleness is a tempter
That leads to ruin and sin.

There are many things you have told us,
To help us do what is right,
We will ever tenderly cherish,
The words you have said tonight.

Borne on the wings of memory,
They will come with the earnest tone,
That will have lost none of its sweetness,
Though many years have flown.

You remember the least among us,
What a comfort that will be,
When we are faint and discouraged,
Adrift on a boundless sea.
Like strains of sweetest music,
Your words will come again,
Freighted with deeper meaning
Than they held for us then.

No more in the dear old schoolroom,
Shall we see your smiling face;
And it seems wrong to us somehow
For a stranger to take your place.
But we will never forget you,
Wherever you may be,
With your life as example
Of truth and sincerity.

We shall strive to remember your teachings,
And keep our lives good and pure,
For whatever the seed time,
We know the harvest is sure.
If some have been neglectful
They will gather withered leaves,
But steady and faithful endeavor
Will give harvest of golden sheaves.

AMBITION.

AMBITION makes us blindly soar
Beyond the present time and deed,
Neglecting, in our eager haste,
To sow with care the tender seed.

The springtimes pass, unnoticed, by;
We're eager for the summer's heat.
We chase the hours of changeful time,
With ever restless, careless feet.

We, like the poet fond, have thought,
By our ambition's glorious flight,
To soar beyond the common world,
And revel in undimmed delight.

But 'tis a cheat, I know full well,
That leads us far beyond our strength;
And how'er rough the road may be,
We'll strive to traverse its whole length.

Some day kind reason—patient still,
Will lead us back to friends and home;
Content to do our own work well,
Though we should gain no earthly throne.

UNREQUITED.

WE went to school together, he and I,
When summer leaves were changing by the frost,
And some days, filled with idleness and mirth,
Counting by earthly time, for us, were lost.

I thought he was so kind, and good, and true;
No prince or king could ever grander look,
As he, with ever thoughtful air, bent low
Above the pages of his well read book.

She never noticed where he chanced to be—
Near her in study, or in joyful play,
But spent her time, aside from study hours,
With friends whose youthful hearts were light and
gay.

'Tis passing strange, and yet 'tis strictly true;
(As he who strives will reach his journey's end)
Today she's proud and happy as his wife,
While I am greeted only as a friend.

BY THE STREAM.

I HEAR the murmuring waters at my feet,
In the quiet stream scarce moving from its bed,
I see the tiny fishes dart about,
The golden sun is all around o'er head.

A few steps farther up the shaded heights
I hear the sound of waters gurgling low,
And nearer in the hedge's sheltering leaves,
The twittering birds flit in the softened glow.

The water, clear as crystal, sparkling bright,
Comes tumbling o'er a rocky moss-grown ledge,
Where we may look, with keen and rapt delight,
From out our cool retreat in leafy hedge.

Again the foam in tiny bubbles rolls
Away, to vanish in the quiet stream.
There's scarce a ripple, where they gently meet
The laughing waves, kissed by the stray sun-
beam.

The scattered stones all silent lie in wait,
Lapped by the circling of the lulling tide,
And all earth seems a quiet resting place,
A paradise of bliss, and naught beside.

The tall dead grasses, nodding in the stream,
Are lightly touched, and gently sway and bow,
By the soft south wind, that tenderly
Caresses nature's fading verdure now.

GOODBYE.

DEAREST, I did not mean to wound you—
I did not mean to ever do you wrong;
I hope that all the pain that I have caused you
Will vanish as the seasons pass along.

My heart is heavy as I linger, darling,
In the old home where we should happy be;
But you misjudged my deeds and actions, surely,
And brought no peace or happiness to me.

So now goodbye, I know you do not love me;
Why need I fill my heart with deep regret?
If you will not forgive I still must labor,
And—if we try, I know we can forget.

A CALL FROM DEATH.

BUT this we know, when summer's ended,
The nodding fields of ripened grain
Must all have been cut by the reapers,
Before the springtime comes again.

And when the chill of death's dark winter
Takes some dear loved one from our fold,
'Tis but a sheaf that He is needing
From out the harvest's ripened gold.

Thus life and death are ever blending
In all times as the bud and flower.
Some are made ready for the reaper
And early greet life's evening hour.

OUR GRANDMA.

WE fold the dear dead hands
Over the silent breast,
And weep to see them so,
Though it means a perfect rest.
How can we leave them there,
As the long days come and go,
When they once clasped ours fondly,
With a warmth we loved to know.

And that kind loving face—
The lips that ne'er will say
A loving word to greet us,
As in the past glad day.

When gathered closely round her,
We heard her gentle tones,
That brought so much of sunshine
In many of our homes.

So quiet now and silent
Are the lips we oft have kissed;
Will she know that we are lonely,
That her presence we have missed?
But the days and nights still linger,
And we know she is not here,
Every footstep but re-echoes
That grandma is not near.

And O, 'tis sad to lose her,
So cherished by us all,
Must all our dear ones leave us,
As autumn leaflets fall?
Yet in trusting His promise,
We may be truly blest,
'Come unto me ye that labor
And I will give you rest.'

WE SHALL MEET.

METHINKS that sometime we shall meet again,
To journey o'er the rougher paths together;
Up rugged heights—in lowly vales,
Cheerfully in every change of weather.

Once more your smile for me will light again
The face that has grown calm these later years;
And these sad eyes of mine, through watching long,
Shall cease to fill with bitter, blinding tears.

The passing years but dim the distant gleam
Of fame, ambition, that did shine afar;
And we today strive nobly—not in vain,
To keep in view the steadier light, Hope's star.

And so, while we are changing with the years,
In spite of all, I still will call you mine,
For I have faith that we shall meet again,
To dwell together in a sunnier clime.

SIGHING OR SINGING.

THE earth is glad today for those who labor,
Rich treasures bringing,
And we are journeying on our way—
But are we sighing or singing?

The sun smiles out in all his glittering splendor,
His gold down-flinging;
And we, to make earth dark or fair,
Are sighing now, or singing.

Go on your way, kind friend, and cease repining,
Joy—hope, upspringing;
So darken not your neighbor's way
By sighing, but come singing.

Do well the work God gives you in His kindness—
Be not to old hopes clinging;
Fresh wells of truth are rising near,
In sweetest tones low singing.

The morning fair is full of Heaven's beauties;
The bells anear are ringing,
And all is bright, and glad, and gay,
When we are not sighing, but singing.

UNFORGOTTEN.

DEAR friend, with your blighting sorrow,
Perhaps the words I say
Will not ease your grief or sadness,
Or drive e'en a shadow away.

But I think of you so often—
How lonely, sometimes, you must be;
And how dark the currents of trouble,
That flow in life's foaming sea.

I have wondered how I could help you.
For it seems to me all in vain
To think of giving you comfort,
Or rest from the bitter pain

That you feel when you think of the loved one,
Whose boat has passed on to that shore,
While yours is left here, struggling,
In the sound of the billows' roar.

But I send you this token of friendship,
Of sympathy, warm and true.
If you need a friend in your trouble,
Be sure I will come to you.

TO CARRIE F. WHEELER.

How sweet are the words you have written,
That bring back the days of the past,
And the dreams of our joyous youth-time,
That were far too fair to last.

The dim, misty veil of the future
Lies between this and long ago;
We forget our former blessings
In the weight of our present woe.

Such deep, tender thoughts and feelings,
As your words tell in rhyme,
Give to the earnest reader
Great sorrow, or bright sunshine.

I thank you for words you have written,
Deep-freighted with meaning so true;
I would that I, too, might write something
That would give as much pleasure to you.

NEVER AGAIN.

NEVER again, in all the dreary future,
Will one kind word of comfort come to me
From those whose boats I cast out-drifting,
Upon life's stormy troubled sea.

I know that now they all are safely anchored
In rest unbroken on the other side,
While I, by ruder winds am driven,
Almost a wreck, upon the changing tide.

Never again, will one dear hand be lifted,
To help me when the clouds obscure the way,
Gone once now and forever, is the splendor
That brightened my sad life for one short day.

MY OLD SWEETHEART.

THE letters that you wrote me, love,
(Long, long ago when when we were young,
When we were gay and glad and free,
And with light hearts, words jesting flung,)
I lay upon the burning coals,
And watch the red blaze brightly shine,
With no sad tears to know that these
Were once your treasures, love, and mine.

I smile as flames rise higher now,
They bring no fond dreams of the past.
The joys we knew were very sweet,
But who would want them all to last?

Ah me ! I did not hope for that,
I looked for brighter days to be;
But you are married now, they say,
And father of good children, three.

I do not care, I will not weep,
For Time with all his changing ways.
Has brought me only purest joys.
And all through life, just sunny days.
Yes, love and peace have dwelt with me,
Within the home I love so dear;
My heart is filled with thankful praise
For blessings sent year after year.

For, dear, I call you husband now,
And my fond love I do not smother,
For our sweet children Roy and Bess,
And little Janie, call me mother.
And that is why these letters old,
I lay upon the coals today,
With no sad thoughts for their sweet past,
For you are with me all the way.

MY FRIEND AND I.

'Twas Christmas Eve in the city,
And the churches were bright and warm;
There were bounteous fires, and comfort,
To shelter all from the storm—
But my friend and I.

We stood outside in the pathway
That lead to the old church door,
Where once we had been welcomed,
But were welcomed there no more—
My friend and I.

We stood with feet aweary,
And eyes with tears made dim:
And, thinking of all the brightness,
I turned and said to him:

“Don’t it seem as if He is in there—
The glory shines so clear?
I wish He was, and would stumble
Upon us, standing here—
Outside the gate.

Then I guess a share of the pleasures
That are scattered everywhere,
Would be given to you and me, friend;
Then our burdens we’d gladly bear—
You, friend, and I.”

But see, the presents are going—
Let’s wait till they are through
Giving, and maybe, Jamie,
There will be one for you—
If it is late.

But no! now the tree is empty,
And the people are ready to go.
Leaving us, poor and watchful,
With a bed and a cover of snow—
My friend and I.

Perhaps, in the dawn of morning,
The sunshine will be so bright
That we will feel like singing,
And not mind the cold of tonight—
My friend and I.

We'll watch for the good Lord Jesus,
And when we see Him pass by,
We'll call Him, and He will help us—
My friend and I.

THE SAME OLD SONG.

WITH your birthday gladness I send to you,
Kindly wishes, fond and true.
As springing grasses and fragrant bloom,
Set all our hearts with joy atune.
We meet and greet with kindest thought,
And welcome the day with its mission fraught.
True, life has cares we can't forget,
And restless hours that tire and fret.
And some rude seasons seem all wrong,
'Tis then we come with the same old song.
"Cheer up, cheer up, be glad and gay,
'Twill be all the better tomorrow," I say.
So welcome the sunshine and the rose,
Welcome the rest at the daylight's close.
For over the hills we see again,
A fairer sky and a greener plain.
There is joy and hope and peace we know,
And love for those who onward go.

The flowers talk and the trees can think,
And they lure us away from perilous brink.
And we see sweet life in everything—
From the waving grass to the birds that sing.
So today if the time seems long to you,
And you think life has a thought untrue,
And everything goes half way wrong,
Just ask me to sing you the same old song.

AT NOONTIME.

I HEAR the wind creep through the latticed window,
And sigh and shriek as if in mortal pain;
But no entreating can persuade me ever
To take up e'en a moment his refrain.

The noonday sun shines brightly on the tree tops,
Yet warns us that the day will soon be gone.
So we must learn to prize the flying moments,
Nor wish for them again when they are gone.

The cheerful acts of childhood gleam about us,
Making the darkest places feel their light—
Making us bear our journey all the better,
And cease to dread the coming of the night.

The wild birds sing their happy tuneful praises,
With cheery glee the earth-world echoes back;
And we are singing too in words and actions,
And find of pleasure and of joy, no lack.

Then blow ye winds of mirthfulness and sadness,
Telling of balmy days and stormy weather;
We like your voice, you are a dear companion,
In all life's ways we'll journey on together.

Sing on, O birds, and teach us in your gladness
To give more praises unto Him above,
And fill this poor life while we yet may linger,
With blessedness of kindly deeds and love.

A LOST ROSEBUD.

DEAR Lord, I know 'twas but a tiny bud,
Scarce used to fitful winds and storms,
But it was cherished, O so tenderly,
Within the shelter of these arms.

I've had bright dreams of the dear flower so fair,
That was to blossom out of this;
And now no more the sweetly smiling lips,
Give back to mine an answering kiss.

Did I too fondly love and cherish it,
And guard with a too jealous care,
The fair, frail flower I loved so true and well,
Who greater blessings now shall share?

Ah, my sad heart cannot be patient yet,
Will not cease aching for the lost,
That might have felt rude winds at times,
But now will ne'er be tempest tossed.

CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

OVER the gurgling river
The bridge stretched, gloomy and black,
While a silver snake in the moonlight,
Lay the gleaming railroad track.

There were no boats on the water,
But the yellow lights from the shore
Sent a sickly gleam through the darkness
That shrouded the city o'er.

I heard the drip of the waters,
Where the ice had broken away;
And it made me shudder and shiver,
And long for a streak of day.

The wind, mad with frost and fury,
Swept round the curve to my right,
And I thought that a kindly shelter
Would be a welcome sight.

The waters lapped and gurgled,
With a horrid, surging sound,
And my brain conjured awful terrors,
As the wind wailed with mournful sound.

O for a hand to aid me!
O for a face I knew!
Then down through the iron trestle,
The wind like an eagle flew.

Then again the waters gurgled,
And splashed against the shore,
As I reached the end of the pathway,
That would welcome my feet no more.

And into the light and gladness,
The glow of the world again,
I hurried on in the silence,
To the busy haunts of men.

But still through the long night watches,
Came the sullen undertone
Of the dripping, splashing river,
And its burden and saddened moan.

LISTENING TO THE RAIN.

O, RAIN, I hear you falling,
In a rushing, restless tide,
And I welcome your gladsome music,
As I sit by my fireside.

Splashing and pattering, tumbling
Into the winter snow;
O careless, rollicking rain drops,
I love to hear you so.

Now steadily down-pouring,
And pit-patter on window pane,
But close shut in by the fire-light,
I listen to your refrain.

Now softly and low you are singing,
Now loud in the rush of the wind,
Then peaceful and deep and restful,
Comes a tone all loving and kind.

Night rain, I greet you gladly,
Winter will soon be o'er,
And flowers that drink in your showers
Will spread the green earth o'er.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

CLARE stood by the breakfast table
And quietly, quaintly said
Of the sunbeams, "see the white shadows
Falling on papa's head."

I HAVE GIVEN UP MY DREAMS.

O DARK has been the pathway
Where faltering feet have trod,
And weak has been the faith sometimes
That kept me nearer to God;
But now I wonder calmly
Beside His cooling streams
For, 'mid earth's changing seasons,
I have given up my dreams.

What are these dreams, but pleasures
Untasted of this world?
A snare for the unwary,
A banner wide unfurled.

So while I look about me,
So much of life but seems,
And, for a bright reality
I give up all my dreams.

We are but tiny creatures,
To do His will at best—
The great reward awaits us
To enter in his rest.
To linger—drink forever
From His life's cleansing streams,
No more earth's fading brightness,
No more of idle dreams.

O wonderful salvation,
O peace beloved of God,
Well worth the weary climbing,
Or scourging with the rod.
To reach that bright Forever,
Where nothing ever seems,
To dwell in bliss eternal,
Beyond the land of dreams.

THE SUMMER SUN.

WELCOME, O summer sunshine,
Dotting the hills with gold;
You make life so bright and joyous,
I think time will ne'er grow old.

The flowers are happy and smiling;
The children laugh and run,

And I think that life's best duties
Are only just begun.

The rippling fountains murmur
In silvery undertone,
And reflect each passing object
With a beauty all their own.

The joy-bells chime in rapture
At the brightness life may hold;
For darkness is turned to daylight
When the Sun King scatters gold.

Then leave us not, O sunshine,
But cheer us day by day,
Until earth and its pleasures
Shall forever fade away.

QUESTIONING.

AND must it be that weary days shall pass,
And no fond greeting break the silence dim?
No loving words to cheer my darkened life,
No Present, like the Past has been?

The world moves on, and my tasks must be done;
Greater perhaps, if no love comes to cheer.
The grass is just as green, and flowers as sweet,
Though all shall cease to smile for me this year.

Must I, through all the merriment and glee,
Crush out the longing in my heart today,

And play the part of one who knows no ill,
Although my loving friends are far away?

'Tis only hope that keeps our sad lives pure,
And bids us labor, though our lips are dumb;
That tells us, after grief, and pain, and loss,
Sweet peace and happiness at last shall come.

Then, bird of hope, sing on within my heart,
Nor let me sigh for pleasures—earthly dross;
But live, and be, and labor all for Him,
Bearing full well and patiently, my cross.

TOGETHER.

WE have climbed the heights together,
Through every shade and sun,
We are near our journey's ending,
Our work will soon be done;
We have been happy ever,
Cheering each other's heart,
Knowing life would be darker
If we should drift apart.

Soon we shall rest together,
In life's declining day,
Quietly watching the sunset,
As the last light fades away
Leaving a golden shadow
Out-lined against the sky,
As silently will our lives, dear,
Fade, too, as the time goes by.

Leaving perhaps behind them
Not much of the golden light,
That makes our time here pleasant,
If we only use it right;
Yet some one may be watching
For the good seed we have sown,
Always together, darling,
Never, ah never, alone.

Sit nearer beside me, darling,
The light is growing dim,
Help me here in the twilight,
Sing the evening hymn;
Trusting in Him who guides us
When we come nearer home,
Hoping to reach it together, love,
Never to be alone.

JUNE.

JOIN hands with the month of roses,
Under the leafy trees,
Naught but rest and contentment
E'er come to you near these;
Sing a glad song as the fragrance
Of roses sweet come to you,
Twine them into a garland
Of peaceful friendship true.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

THE whip-poor-will sings in a mournful tone,
But I see a light like a streak of gold
In the western sky, beyond the groves,
And I do not heed the chill and cold.

There are gentle whispers in the trees,
And, nearer, the crickets chirp and cheep,
As though they love the night the best,
And do not want to go to sleep.

The doves are cooing near my door—
The children cluster about my knee,
And in the purpling lights and shades,
I am just as happy as I can be.

O welcome, quiet, restful hour;
I cease from care, and jarring note,
And listen to the subdued tone
That comes from night bird's joyous throat.

I clasp the baby to my breast,
And sing a soothing lullaby,
While the last faint light of the dying day
Sinks 'neath the shadows of the sky.

SABBATH DAWN.

AFTER the storms of the night,
The light of the morning came,
And we felt the blessed peace
That comes through the Father's name;
And the sunlight was fair and sweet—
And the clouds all fled away;
And once more we felt the joy
Of a perfect Sabbath day.
The sun kissed the laughing waves;
The wind tossed the leaves about,
And the children came out to play,
With many a merry shout.
The birds sang their sweetest songs,
As they flew from tree to tree,
And all of the gray, old world
Was as happy as it could be.

TURN ON THE SUNLIGHT.

ARE you down in the valley doubting—
In the cloudlands of despair,
Where there's never a blossom of comfort,
To perfume the leaden air?

Have you felt the scourgings of sorrow?
Has death darkened your pleasant home?
Do you feel that God has left you,
And you must walk alone?

Is the darkness of hopeless longing
Filling your heart today?
Then turn on the beautiful sunlight,
To chase the shadows away.

Climb till you reach the headlands,
And gain Hope's towering height;
You will find new strength and vigor
In the gospel's glorious light.

Draw near to God; He will help you;
He cares for the weak and frail.
Seek refuge in believing—
His strength alone can prevail.

Then turn on the sunlight, christians—
The sunlight of His dear love
That comes like a benediction
Of blessings from above.

And let naught but love and gladness
Abide in your heart for aye;
For God's sunlight will ever scatter
The evils that throng your way.

Step out on his faithful promise
Of his never failing care;
His guidance will ever keep you
In Life's journey, everywhere.

A STORM.

'TWERE foolishness, and sin, to call it anger,
This throbbing motion in my heart;
Yet if 'twere grief, I should be sad and quiet,
While gentle tears would from my eyelids start.

Anger or grief, it matters not, in substance
The answer to them both, is one, the same.
In letting present pleasures shape my duties,
I have lost sight of that for which I came.

I have scorned and lost the comfort of the blessings,
In seeking for a higher, clearer light,
Have learned that he who humbly stoops to conquer
Is he who in the end shall win the fight.

'Tis hard to yield? Ah yes, I know the meaning
Of that short sentence, in more ways than one;
But if we yield, the foe is never conquered,
Though warfare for the right is well begun.

How will it end. My weary brain seems striving
To form an answer, as the days pass on;
Why let my boat drift idly with the current,
Until all hope of anchor, rest, is gone.

I can not tell, I grow so sad with longing
To do the right, and find a haven sure,
Where no ill wind of passion, pride or malice,
Can 'tamine the sacred and the pure.

O soon I hope to welcome your sweet coming,
O friend of mine, sincerest of them all,
I fain would hear your gentle voice in answer,
When I, so weak and lonely, faintly call.

My sin lies in the knowing, and not doing,
Of those things which must be the best and right,
Making the way now full of thorns and discord,
Where once my heart content, found sweet delight.

But now, good night, dear one, I would not grieve
you
With sad repinings—bitter thoughts to you—
Telling more of storm and tempest ever,
And how, sometimes, I fail to be quite true?

I hope that none of this will cast a shadow,
Ever upon a life I love so well.
Good night: may God's rich blessing rest upon you;
We'll leave the future, for He doeth well.

DEARER THAN ALL.

WHEN I sit in the waning shadows,
After my work is done,
And review the tiresome duties
With sad heart, at set of sun,

Through all my idle dreaming,
Like the fragrant breath of a flower,
Comes to my wearied senses
The scene of a vanished hour.

And new courage comes with the memory—
Hope rises, glad and free,
And brings back the song-words of friendship,
That you sang one day to me.

And I shall tenderly cherish
Your memory, day by day,
And that will aid me ever,
To keep in a sunny way.

My boat, sometimes, may be drifting
Over the angry foam;
Away from the loving faces
Of the friends that I have known.

But may a strain of that music
Over the waters come,
To guide me back to their friendship,
As a wanderer is guided home.

MY TREASURES.

THEY are laid away in my bureau drawer—
My treasures, so sweet to keep;
Though sometimes as I look them o'er,
They make me sigh and weep.

Here in a little box I find
A braid of auburn hair;
In another place, a piece of work
That was left, unfinished, there.

A bracelet, woven of shining hair,
That her loving hands begun;
But they were clasped in their last rest
Before the task was done.

There are many things I've treasured here—
Precious and dear to me;
I will guard them always with loving care,
Wherever I may be.

ONLY A CHILD.

YES, only a child they call me,
With plaints and fit and fears;
Only a child with odd fancies,
And days of clouds and tears.

A child to be loved and petted,
Or scolded as one thinks best,
Hurried hither and thither,
Never a time for rest.

'Tis well they cannot fathom
The depths of my tender heart;
'Tis well they know no reason
For me to sit apart

From the group of merry children,
Singing in joy and glee,
Playing a part of life's drama,
Half hidden in mystery.

Can a child's heart ache and quiver
With pain of griefs untold?
Can an outcast ever sorrow
For a loving arm to enfold?

O, deep are the hidden waters
That with ever ceaseless flow,
Are changing the lives of the children,
Whose thoughts we may not know.

O, sad are the hours that linger,
In dreary times at best,
When the heart is panting—longing—
With its burden of unrest.

When even mother's letters,
A message from home so dear,
Cannot blot out the dull scenes nearer,
Does not check the falling tear.

Ah me, it is well that the children
Do not tell all the hopes they possess,
It is well the gay world is unheeding
Their grief and loneliness.

Yet they have a blessed promise,
His chosen ones are they,
Where they meet Him, all sorrow shall vanish,
And sighing flee away.

IN AFTERTIMES.

THESE hands of mine, dear, need such tender clasping;
These quivering lips, such tender kisses sweet,
And I have need of aid to find a pathway
For these poor faltering, stumbling feet.

And every day I miss your kind low voice, love,
The gentle whisperings that seem,
(As I think back upon them, dearest,)
But the mere semblance of a dream.

And now through seasons' changing light and shadow,
Though I your deeds of love no longer see,
My heart is glad and thankful that some dear one,
In long past days has kindly cared for me.
I had not thought so far into the future—
That we should meet, and shortly part again—
But e'en the joy we knew in that fond friendship
Made full atonement for the parting pain.

Last night, dear friend, as I was journeying homeward,
Watching the shadows 'mid the wavering trees,
I gladly breathed the cool air moisture-laden,
That came to me on every passing breeze.
The rustling corn, low murmuring as the moonbeams
Shone on the leaves, half drooping from the frost,
As if the beauty they then wore was borrowed,
And all their sweet life liberty was lost.

The stalks stood up like sentinels on duty,
With bayonets half bent, in dim array;
With just a bit of their old silver brightness,
Where on the leaves the moonbeams' gleaming lay.
I watched it all, the thick low shrubs and branches,
Some hidden in the blackness of the night,
While others seemed so beautiful and friendly,
Wearing a smile of welcome in the light.

I watched them, dear, and thought strange things about
you,

Wondering if you would like to see these scenes,
Or if grave, wiser thoughts, your brain would ponder,
Than fancied visions, seen through stray moonbeams.
I almost think they're like our friends in earthworld,
Who sometimes cheer or freeze us with a smile,
And some grown old with toil, and pain and sorrow,
Are still our loving friends, dear, all the while.

In aftertimes, will we sometimes remember
These friends, and scenes, and lights that come and go?
If we in happier times gain newer friendships,
And fairer lovelier scenes shall learn to know?
Yes, love, when we no more shall daily journey,
Near these familiar things to which we cling,
Shall we recall each kind and loving friendship,
As through strange scenes we're ever wandering?

In aftertimes? Ah me! My absent darling,
In aftertimes our hearts may need to bless
The kindnesses, the love, the simple pleasures,
That we have known in friendship's blessedness.
But now, good night: I leave you to your dreaming
Sweet fancies, dear, that sometime may come true.
Still in His love, and live well in the knowing
That through all ways, He careth well for you.

THE WIND.

THE wind is a rollicking jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul is he,
He calls for the frost, and he calls for the sun,
No fear on the earth knows he.

He shrieks through the trees, all brown and bare,
He rattles the windows in glee,
And laughs in his might at the creaking signs,
And the restless waves of the sea.

He climbs the mountains, for frolic and fun,
He bends the flower heads fair,
And hurries away over valley and plain,
And we hear of his pranks everywhere.

Sometimes, when he goes, all nature is still,
And everything rests for a spell,
When he quickly returns with a rush and a roar,
We know his voice full well.

And now, what is that he is rattling so,
What now can be the matter?
O what a horrid wind again,
With his gay wild songs and clatter.

Once you are welcome, O changeful wind,
When the summer grass is waving,
And the heated brows of the working clan,
With lavish hand you are laving.

Yes, come to us then, with your cool sweet breath,
To kiss the heads of the clover,
But please be quiet, and rest you now,
Till the wintry snows are over.

ROCK OF AGES.

“Rock of ages cleft for me,”
O blessed words of truth and love,
Giving hope to you and me,
Blessed promise of life above;
The sweetest words my heart can know,
Leave them to me for I love them so;
Sing them, sister, to me again,
For they rid my life of its weary pain,
And bring sweet comfort and sense of rest,
Rock of ages, forever blest.

KEEP IN LINE.

THE world is a living picture
Of beauty, and strength, and love,
Teaching us, in its workings,
Of our Father who is above.

Are the children leading the nation?
Followers are we to be,
In the all important questions,
And the nation's perplexity?

And shall we be left in the marching—
Shall we forget the time?
And, though we are needed in battle,
Shall we fall out of the line?

Shall we, while the ranks are passing,
Stand aside like a useless train,
While millions of faithful soldiers
March on, over hill and plain?

Or shall we awake with the nation—
Gird on our armor, and go;
Fill up the vacant places,
And the strife of the conflict know?

Dear friends, we must march and labor—
We must strive for the good for all time,
In this busy world about us;
We must still keep step in the line.

Look above, to the sunlight of heaven;
God loves us, and He is Divine;
So never give up in the struggle—
March onward, and keep in line.

THERE ARE BRIGHTER DAYS BEYOND.*

THE sunshine is coming after
The tempest of wind and rain;
There are glorious heights of gladness
Beyond the sodden plain.

There are days so full of pleasure;
There are nights so full of calm;
There is peace that shall anoint us—
Make us feel its healing balm.

There are eyes so true and tender
That their light shall beckon you
On to right, and strength of purpose,
And your faltering hopes renew.

There are lives so full of meekness
That your own a shame shall prove,
With its bitter strife and hatred;
There are lips that gently move,

And invoke a tender blessing
On the wayward and the strong;
There are friendly hands to aid us,
Reaching out to make us wrong.

God, in all of His great wisdom,
Has provided everything,
Even though our hearts are restless,
And our lips refuse to sing.

He has added joy and blessings—
He has sent his angel bands
To surround—encourage—save us,
In the dreary, desert lands.

Let us not repine in sorrow,
But to his glad light respond;
Leaving chidings—seeking gladness,
For there're brighter days beyond.

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE DOOR.

I HEAR the clock on the mantle,
Ticking the hours away;
And I'm resting me here 'neath its shadow,
After a beautiful day.

I hear a low murmur of voices
On the other side of the door,
Intermingled with ripples of laughter—
To the right I hear a snore.

So I know one is resting in slumber,
While two are spooning away,
In the June-time of Love's gladness,
Too bright to vanish away.

I wonder if they are as happy
On that other side of the door,
As we two, who sit here in silence,
Dreaming life's pleasures o'er.

O what can they be discussing,
To prolong the hours so late,
The gay cavalier, Mr. Denny,
And his dear little sweetheart, Mate.

The time flies swiftly, unheeded,
When those two are together;
Of what do they talk so often—
Is it love, or the world, or the weather?

Ah me! 'Tis an unsolved problem,
That we long have pondered o'er;
But we think we are happier this side,
And they—on that side of the door.

A COMPLAINT.

THEY say I must write an essay,
Or at least a composition;
Perhaps I might do both,
If I had the disposition.
But first, there's a subject to find;
Do you know of one that is lost?
Or else I must borrow one—
I must have one, at any cost.

Some have written on "stepping stones,"
Others on "good old times;"
One has told of his travels
In fair and sunny climes.
"Silent tears" and "goodbye,"
Were written on long ago;
And even "perseverance,"
And also "beautiful snow."

"Books" and "education,"
And the subject "reading," too,
Have been given to the public,
So what can a person do?
"Kindness," "birds" and "flowers,"
"Clouds," "sunshine" and "pleasures,"
"Idleness," "wisdom," and "learning,"
Have all been chosen treasures.

"Air castles," "rain," and "blizzards,"
Have received their due attention;
"Mary had a little lamb,"
I think there's no need to mention.

"Time" and "procrastination,"
"Almanacs" and "trees,"
"Potatoes" and "frogs" are good subjects,
But someone has written on these.

A "rainy day," and "mosquitoes"
And "cities of the dead,"
Have received lost time and talent
In "days forever fled."
"Unkindness," and "borrowed umbrellas,"
Have been used enough for our good;
I would like to have a subject
More worthy of thought, if I could.

"Autumn leaves" and "politeness,"
"On examination day,"
"Memories" of "evening thoughts"
Have long since passed away.
"The last day of school" with its shadows
Has vanished from our sight.
While "writing for the paper"
Will you choose the "wrong or right?"

"I can" "never say fail" when working
For the good of this glorious nation,
And think it our duty to strive
For its welfare, whatever our station.
I'm compelled to reject every subject;
Even "winter," "spring," "summer" and "fall."
I'm sorry to disappoint you,
But can write on nothing at all.

PLAY-TIME.

THE soft winds come with whispering breath,
O'er distant hill and meadow green,
Making our resting time more bright,
With scented bloom and golden sheen.

Of mid-day sun and tossing grain,
Low murmuring brooks and quivering leaves,
That tell us soon the harvest home
Will labor crown, with garnered sheaves.

But now is play-time; we can sing,
And lave our souls in fairest dreams,
And wander, careless and alone,
Beside sweet summer's purling stream.

From every breeze that comes and goes,
New life and beauty come to me,
And in its wealth of perfumed breath,
I revel in sweet ecstasy.

We rest us in the eventide,
Nor sigh for morning dew and light,
But greet it gladly as we list
To murmuring voices of the night.

The sun fades in the purple west;
The sodden earth is gray and lone;
The trees scarce nodding where they stand,
Nor mock us with a sigh or moan.

Labor may come with other days—
Sorrow may come with other years,
But this is only a time for joy—
No sadness now, or bitter tears.

Come as you will, O woe and care,
After this play-time, bliss sublime,
And I shall greet you with a smile—
Shall fill my heart with Love's sunshine.

Nor heed your frowns, or burdens wrong,
But live in peace, to know at last
That life has still a page of joy;
Although its springtime has been passed.

REQUIRED.

I HEARD thy voice, dear loved one, pleading
So tenderly and low;
I thought how sad for so much needing
Of pain and woe.

Not unto me were all the tender love-tones,
That thrilled and broke,
Through all thy voice as from thy throne,
Thou knelt and spoke.

And all in vain, at last unheeding
Your sadness then,
She turned as if your journey speeding,
So must men.

Learn early to uphold the burdens
Given to bear,
Until each one has reached his guerdon,
And rests from care.

And yet, today, your joy and gladness
Fill up all space,
Quite banished are those hours of sadness,
And your face

Is smiling now, and younger looking,
As time goes on,
As if the years are no more brooking,
The peace you don.

'Tis well; I wish you all the sweetness
Love's cup may hold,
And life in all of its completeness,
As you grow old.

KEEP ME NEAR THEE.

KEEP me near Thee lest I falter,
Lest my feet forget the way,
And in seeking earthly pleasures
From the safest way I stray.

Keep me near Thee in the darkness,
For the shadows bring but fear;
Keep me near Thee in the sunshine,
For Thy presence helps to cheer.

Keep me near Thee daily, hourly,
For my faint heart clings to Thee;
Through the tempest and the sunshine,
For Thy child I e'er would be.

REST AT LAST

HE who was, O, so weary—
Whose hours were filled with pain,
Has found the rest he longed for—
He will ne'er be weary again.

We are left to earth's labors,
And only a dream of the past
To remind us that love and pleasure
Of this earth are too brief to last.

He was so kind and loving,
But his life work is done;
The golden sheaves have been gathered
And laid in store, one by one.

He left us when earth was joyous
With the mirth of Christmas tide,
Ere the New Year, with its sunshine,
Had entered earth to abide.

The summer, in all its beauty,
Will come with its wealth of flowers;
He loved them, O, so dearly,
Through all his weary hours.

And though we see them daily,
In this familiar place,
We shall not hear his footstep,
Or see his kindly face.

Yet a ray of hope is gleaming,
Across the distant plain,
Telling us that our waiting
Will not be all in vain.

For we know that we shall greet him,
Sometime, upon that shore,
To dwell in perfect gladness,
With loved ones evermore.

UNFINISHED STILL.

I LAID the book down with a weary sigh,
I had been reading on that pleasant day,
And wished that I might find a better task
To pass the shining hours of morn away.
Unfinished still, the book I laid aside,
But could I say that I was satisfied?

Full many a task with merry heart begun,
Is laid aside ere half the day is gone;
And newer cares, and stranger deeds are tried—
Rejected—as the time flies swiftly on.
Unfinished still, the work we mean to do,
Will the world blame us, or call our lives untrue?

There are lonely hearts in need of our kind care,
Now mourning in the shadow day by day,
While we, unthinking of their loss and grief,
Go cheerfully and lightly on their way.
Sometime we mean to be so good to them,
There's time enough as seasons come again.

Too late, we learn of some dear friend who goes
Upon a journey to a better land,
Whose patient love and sweet enduring trust,
We just begin to faintly understand;
And think how many kind acts if we will,
May shed love's brightness over wrong and ill.

Unfinished still! Ah! yes 'tis ever so,
From morn till noon, from noon till night, we say,
Yet when the evening shadows gently fall,
We wait until tomorrow—happier day.
We linger still, as golden days pass by,
Sowing to reap in sorrow—you and I.

We mean to do, and be so good and true,
That guardian angels may our lives address,
With cheerful praise amid this earthly dross,
For such sweet acts of self-forgetfulness.
But O, how small our sheaves of good appear,
When garnered at the ending of the year.

Will God forget I wonder in that day,
And leave our names half written in His book,
Where all the blessed ones redeemed in love,
May with mild eyes upon them daily look?
And say, "Think not dear ones I do this deed for ill,
The tasks I gave you left unfinished still."

GRANDMA'S GRAVE.

THERE'S a grave all lonely and silent,
Up there on the side of a hill;
Where sleeps a cherished loved one,
Whose presence seems with us still.

Our grandma? How strange, my children,
To know she has left us here;
She who has always loved us—
Was ever ready to cheer.

When here, her work—her pleasure,
Was among the sweetest flowers;
Rich blossoms, whose very brightness
Beguiled her weary hours.

Her hands seemed ever rested,
When her work could be with them;
Dear hands, whose gentle clasping
We shall never feel again.

But now her hard work is ended;
There is nothing we can do
To show her our affection
For love so fond and true.

Unless, in summer sunshine,
We place our blossoms fair,
Upon the grave we cherish,
Because her form is there.

Rest on in your peaceful slumber,
And we, with heads bent low,
Will silently think of the gladness
We knew in the long ago.

When here in the midst of our pleasures,
You sat in your rocking chair,
Smiling ever so fondly
On the faces so bright and fair.

We will leave the flowers, grandma,
Tokens of love from home;
Hoping soon to meet you,
When the last great day shall come.

THE SAME.

THE years pass on, and lives grow old,
And still we cling to joy and light;
Still look for brighter things beyond,
But all too soon comes mist or night.

Yet, after all, the sun will shine
As brightly when the storm has passed;
Sweet rest will come with light and love—
Then welcome it with joy, at last.

SING TO ME.

SING me a song, dear sister,
Sweet with music and mirth,
To me it will be dearer
Than anything on earth.

I grow so sad and weary,
As I toil on day by day,
And see no light in the shadows
That will not drift away.

I have not learned to be patient,
And contented everywhere,
I look for light in the darkness,
But find only burdens of care.

But sing me a song, sweet sister,
'Twill ease all my heartache away,
And bring pleasant dreams at twilight,
Ere the dawn of another day.

Yes, sing softly and gently,
Here in the shadows dim,
Let your voice be earnest,
And sing me the evening hymn.

A BREATH OF SPRING.

WHERE only tiny buds are seen,
On trees, or in seas of tossing green,
Comes near,
The piping voice of a wild bird free,
Over the waving grass to me;
I wait to hear.

It seems to bring pleasure and hope and those
Who wearily sigh at the day's dark close,
And sadly say,
"What need have I to be good and kind,

When care and trouble perplex my mind,
And seems today
Has had more evils than I could bear,
Yet the little buds look fresh and fair,
And hope may be
Even now lighting some better way,
That my weary feet shall find some day,
And rested be."

They heed not the little birds blithe and gay,
That chirp and twitter in their play,
And it is wrong
To repine and fret the whole day through,
Instead of being kind and true,
As they go along.

Or loving the things that God has given,
As sweet as sacred joys from Heaven,
Here on earth.

The birds, the children, and the flowers,
I pass unheeded in cloudy hours,
And scorn their worth.

Some days will come to me in song,
And give me hope and courage strong,
To be alway,
Loving, and good, and kind, and true,
Earnestly doing what I can do,
Day by day.

A PROMISED RHYME.

You have said goodbye to your schooldays here,
They have passed forever from your sight,
You are telling us a long farewell,
In the few brief words you say tonight,
There have been storms in the rough sea,
Whereon your boat has taken you,
Yet after storm the sunshine came,
And you've had friends both kind and true.

You are going now amid life's throng,
To seek for fame perhaps, and gold,
The story of your happiest days
May be for many years untold.
Here you have labored well, my friend,
Proudly stood first in lessons all,
You are building your castles broad and high,
Of knowledge and truth, but not to fall.

Over the tide of coming years,
If we could know what time will bring,
Love and peace and joy for you,
And summer birds that sweetly sing;
Or will it bring clouds of despair,
To drive the sunshine all away,
And leave you lonely, friend, and sad,
To wander on in any way.

I can not tell what it will be—
Sunshine or shadow, joy or woe—
But my best wishes for your good,
Are with you, friend, where e'er you go.
So if my friendship e'er will be
A help to keep you good and true,
Gladly and freely now my friend,
Here in these lines, I give it you.

LITTLE WORRIES.

THEY take all the smiles from our faces,
They take all the blue from the sky,
They leave us no comfort or pleasures,
As the minutes go hurrying by.

They bring the care lines to our faces,
They keep us forever adrift,
This spirit of hustling and bustling,
That is more than the spirit of thrift.

They show us the thorns 'neath the roses,
They find every flaw in the seam,
They show us life's plain at its dullest,
When it might be a poet's dream.

So over the hills of discomfort,
We hobble blindly along,
Hugging our idols—these worries,
And never find time for a song.

We crush all the leaf-buds of promise,
We scorn all the blessings that stay,
Not knowing the burdens we carry,
Keep Heaven farther away.

MEDITATION.

O HEART of mine, why linger?
The time is long, and near
I hear the minutes telling
The passing of the year.

The sunbeams, warm and mellow,
Their lights of gladness show
Upon me as I ponder;
And the beautiful, heartfelt glow

Gives to my fainting spirit,
Some sweetness of the ways
That God marks out to follow,
Through many changeful days.

The birds, in happy medley,
The loveliness prolong,
As I wonder dimly, idly,
Through all this light and song,

If some hearts must be aching—
Some lives be void of sun—
Hopeless and despairing,
Before the day is done.

And then I think, contritely,
That I am wrong to dwell
Upon the ills and sorrows,
And say it is not well.

For there is a God above us,
Patient, and true, and kind,
Who heedeth all our failings,
Who leadeth when we're blind.

So I will cease repining,
And humbly say to him:
"O Father, guide me—keep me
Pure without—within."

IDLENESS.

AH! this a week day morning;
The busy ones I hear,
Performing household duties,
With thankfulness and cheer.

I hear a voice low humming
A sacred, Sabbath hymn;
Rising in tuneful cadence
Above the merry din.

But I rest me here in the sunshine,
Nor fret at the loss of a day;
For the hours, like stray sunbeams,
Pass silently away.

And I drift adown the current,
In happy, changeful mood,
And my soul finds sweetest resting,
By peaceful nature wooed.

My feet have walked rough pathways
In times past, and my joy
Has found, in every season,
A portion of alloy.

But why repine at the chastening,
Or shrink from the cross I bear?
It only adds to my burdens,
And I miss what is sweet and fair.

So I sit in the morning sunlight,
And write, while other feet
And hands are laboring gladly,
The work of the day to complete..

YOU AND I.

O, MOTHER, with your sad eyes looking
Toward all the years that yet may come,
You have a right to voice your sorrow,
While I, alone, must e'er be dumb.

You miss the childish arms, close clinging
Around your neck—the morning kiss;
While I, through daylight and through darkness,
Have no such memory as this.

Your heart has throbbed with deepest pleasure,
To hear the children at their play;
To watch their growth of mind and stature,
And mark what joys were round their way.

Your eyes grew brighter with the gladness
That pleasure brought with speech and song;
But now the memory of it hastens
Your bitter sorrow to prolong.

Yours, then, the loss of precious loved one.
(Though one less loving now remains,)
For you have felt his fond caressing,
Though followed now by deepest pain.

Have I no loss? Ah deeper sorrow
It seems to me, that I must keep.
No loving one to pet or miss me,
Or for my care to lull to sleep.

My aching heart has e'er a shadow;
My empty arms must never be
A shelter for those trusting dear ones,
With their truth and simplicity.

Yes, 'tis denied me, and I sorrow,
Although I pray "Thy will be done."
I almost covet your great sorrow,
Dear mother, for—His peace shall come.

Ah me! To lose must be keen anguish,
The kindness and tender care,
But to not know the love and trusting—
There is refuge in sweet prayer.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

I MET you when earth was a picture
Of sweetness and beauty to me;
When I, with the bright world about me,
Was as happy as happy could be.

You smiled with eyes kind as a woman's,
You clasped hands so gently, yet firm;
You were kind and you gave me your friendship,
And I gave you mine in return.

The trees nodded more in the breezes,
The birds sang their sweetest lays;
And all the changeful seasons
Seemed filled with happy days.

For a thought of you ever cheered me,
A vision of you, first and last
In the day, as it came and vanished,
Brought me pleasures that faded fast.

No joy was too slight to cherish,
To tell to your listening ear;
No sorrow so deep or well guarded,
But you sought out the lurking fear.

O blissful, changeful gladness!
O friendship, without its stain
Of untruth, and selfish longing,
That leaves such a bitter pain.

Will always the sorrow come after
The joy or the bliss that we feel?
Will ever a shadow darken
Love's light, earth's fairest ideal?

Ah me! what a lifetime of blunders,
What undercurrents to stem;
Will our boats sink 'neath the torrent,
Or rise to the surface again?

You taught me the kingly kindness
Of loving, and finding a way,
All bright with earth's richest beauty,
With none of its darkening ray.

Yes, truly, you brought me life's sweetness—
You taught me the power of pain;
Life was pleasant for both for a season,
But now—we are strangers again.

THE TIMID BEE.

"WHERE shall I go," said the little bee,
As he slowly buzzed in the waving grasses,
"I am frightened nearly out of my wits,
When one of those noisy children passes."

"I've looked about me all the day,
For a place to settle and work alone;
But every time I'm a little late,
Someone has chosen that for a home."

I'm going now to the garden patch,
Where everything looks sweet and sunny.
I'm sure I've found the place at last,
To garner precious stores of honey."

"But what is this in the strawberry bed,
Gleaming white in the golden sun?
A tiny sunbonnet, sure enough,
Shading the face of some little one."

"O ho," said the bee, "so there's some one here,
Just wait till I slyly take a peep
At the roguish face, that no doubt is there—
Well, now, if she isn't fast asleep."

"Who'd harm a baby? Not I for one,
I'll go to my work now in a hurry,
And gather from all these blossoms sweet,
My bread while there is no noise or flurry."

Buzz, buzz, went the busy dusty bee,
Softly to himself low singing;
When suddenly, on the fragrant air,
A merry childish voice came ringing.

“O mama, come quick here’s a funny bird,
He just sings ‘buzz’ as he flies around.
I should think he’d fly up in the sky,
And not stay here near the dusty ground.”

“Dear, dear,” said the bee, “I shall have to go;
I’m tired and my work isn’t finished yet.
She’s a naughty girl to frighten me so,”
And away he flew with a buzz of regret.

A MESSAGE OF LOVE.

I PRESS the pure sweet blossoms to my lips,
And hold them tenderly and say,
What memories they waken, dear,
Of olden time, of vanished day.

A day so fraught with joy and peace and bliss,
I ne’er can hope to know again,
But your kind messages of love,
That I hold here, are not in vain.

No, not in vain, one kind or loving word,
One gentle deed of thoughtfulness,
Though we may never meet again,
These blossoms help my life to bless.

I watch the changeful shadows as they pass,
On wall and window, floor and chair,
And, weaving fancies from them, love,
I say that life holds scenes as fair.

We find bright flowers all around our way,
Roses that seem to have no thorn,
Yet, when we pluck them we have lost
The pretty youth-leaves of the morn.

But these pale blossoms have no hidden thorn,
They bring to me a calm content,
That is so welcome to my life,
I know not where the shadows went.

Yes, how I bless you daily for your love,
For thinking of me as I roam;
I am far happier to keep
This token from your humble home.

Sometime, maybe I'll clasp the hands I love,
That picked these blossoms fair and sweet,
Within mine own with love so true,
And all my joy shall be complete.

JUST FOR FUN.

I LOVED sweet Elsie at twenty,
And said to her just for fun,
"O give me a kiss, my bonny lass,"
But she wouldn't give me one.

At forty she no more resembled
My charming blue-eyed lass,
I scarcely would have imagined
The years could so swiftly pass.

Forty, and still unmarried,
How strangely time's seasons run;
"Now what would you give for a kiss, my dear,"
I said to her just for fun.

AT EVENING.

I WATCHED till the day was ended
And my heart once sad, grew light,
And I'd beautiful thoughts to cheer me,
As I welcomed the shades of night.

And I thought, what matter if sorrow
Of discord, or pain should come;
'Tis at best but a passing season
That we dwell in this earthly home.

Then I heard the children singing
A quaint old lullaby,
That made me smile in gladness,
As a glimpse from the Past came by.

A glimpse of a scene like the present—
Children merry and bold,
Shut in by the bright, warm fireside,
Away from the winter's cold.

The same merry songs they were singing,
Their hearts full of careless glee,
I wonder today if their number,
Are all as happy and free.

It matters not; we are passing
Away like the springtime and fall,
And he who enjoys the present,
Lives the happiest life after all.

PINING.

TODAY my heart called out to you my darling;
I hungered so to see your face once more,
Ere I took up again the heavy burdens,
And ceaseless tasks, to do them o'er and o'er.

But I can wait; I see no light to guide me,
No voice to cheer me as I journey on.
How can I sing, then, when life's dearest pleasures
Seem for a season from my pathway gone?

I hear the merry tones and cheery laughter,
Of some glad youths and maidens in the street;
They remind me of the pleasures that have vanished,
But Time those olden joys will not repeat.

E'en though I long for all the past enjoyments
That make one golden day of human life,
And sweeter peace to reign o'er every darkness,
That my glad heart might know no more of strife.

TIME PASSES ON.

TIME passes on.
And we grow old,
And hearts grow cold,
And the forms we clasped in a loving fold,
We clasp no more;
Still—time goes on.

Time passes on.
The season's gloom,
And flowery bloom,
Change places and fade away so soon,
As time goes on.

Time passes on,
And each dear face,
In home's own place,
May pass away and leave no trace
To cheer us here,
As time flies on.

Time passes on,
And the joys we knew,
In their love so true,
When we shared all pleasures and joys
[with you,
Have passed away;
Yet—time goes on.

Time passes on.
And so today
We cannot stay;
While some are old and turning gray,
We part in peace
Though time rolls on.

As time goes on,
We wish for you,
With friendship true,
While skies are fresh, and fair, and blue,
Always (your due,)
As time goes on.

A happy time,
And sweet sunshine,
And if ever, only a distant chime
Of sorrow's bells.
And now goodbye—
Time passes on.

RETRIBUTION.

If I should see you toiling, step by step,
Afar up rocky mountain height,
And you, with questioning eyes, should look
For me to join you ere the night,
I would not come, or smile, or send
One word of kindness after you;
E'en though you love me fondly now,
Time was, when I believed you true.

Go on your way; climb, fall, and rise again,
Or sink beneath the showering mist;
I will not even look upon
The fair, false lips I used to kiss.
Not false? Ah then, come not again;
For it were sadder than love's fate,
To think all kindest thoughts of you
Are hatred. Say it is too late!

That all the happy days gone by and lost,
Were but as idle dreams, most fair,
And though we search till life is spent,
They'll not return unfraught with care?
Well, be it so. I care not now
Where your steps, wandering, may go.
Come not to me, with pain—regret,
Or ever think I loved you so.

A GREETING.

THE dew is sparkling on the hills and mountains;
The flowers like pure diamonds brightly glisten,
And as the birds join in the morning praises,
With blithest song, I cease my toil and listen.

Their free, glad notes, so joyous and so merry,
Make all the earth chime in harmonious voice;
The weary hearted and the merry toiler,
Alike come smiling, and aloud rejoice.

The early sunshine adds his golden beauty,
To deck the fair earth as a crowned queen,
And when I hear your step, so light and buoyant,
I know these beauties are not all a dream.

Then welcome, friend, now, aye, yes and forever,
For devious paths your toiling feet have trod;
With all in beauty here so truly blended,
We are but nearer to our home—and God.

I AM WITH YOU IN MY DREAMS.

ARE you lonely, None, without me,
Do you miss, while I'm away,
All the songs we sing together,
All the trifling words I say?
Never mind the lonesome moments,
Or the busy changing scenes,
For I love you still; though absent,
And am with you in my dreams.

All the day, its light and shadow,
Brings me near the eventide,
And I fain would meet and greet you,
Linger fondly by your side.
I remember all the pleasures
We have had, the joyous gleams
Of the past still come to me,
And illumine life's shadowed stream.

And the time is shorter, brighter,
When sweet thoughts the long hours fill,
If I think of those who love me,
Think that I am with them still.
Then we will remember Nora,
Though parted in life's daily scenes,
We may love each other fondly,
In the happy land of dreams.

ALTRUISM.

I HOLD that hearts are human things,
That thrill and tremble with regret,
When swept by memory's surging waves,
That will not let them e'en forget.

I claim that lives are mystic looms,
That clang and clang, through sigh and song,
Weaving the pattern of our fate,
Whether we will it—right or wrong.

Yes, life is real, and we must haste
To fill the hours with labor due,
Unheeding all the wrong and strife—
Unheeding those who prove untrue.

For time goes on, and friends renew
Their vows of love, earth's sweetest token
Of sacredness, and peace, and light—
Sad fate that it should e'er be broken.

For God will work His will at last,
To all through life, or good, or ill,
That we may learn in faith to say,
He loves us—peace, be still.

ONLY A YEAR.

Do you think it is only a year
Since you went away from me?
O, it seems like an age, for my heart
Is so filled with its misery.

Only a year—a year,
But the time seems O, so long;
And yet, a year is short
If we fill it with smile and song.

But the tears that unbidden flow,
Eke out the long, gray days,
And help us to bear our grief,
As we go our different ways.

Her sleep is peaceful and calm,
I know, up there on the hill,
Where the flowers late bloomed, and the winds
Kissed the bending leaves at their will.

And I cannot wish her here,
Where the soul gets so tired and vexed;
Where the turmoil, and grief, and pain,
Make the brain so weary—perplexed.

I would not want her to suffer
The pain and fitful care,
That takes all the bloom from our faces—
Steals our joys from us unaware.

I would wish her a happier home—
A fairer sky o'er head;
Perennial flowers that bloom
In the pathway her feet may tread.

But O, it would comfort us so,
If we could but clasp her hand
Once more, and hear her voice
So sweet, from that distant land.

O, the silence and the dread,
The weight of doubt and fear
That has dwelt within my heart
Since she went away, last year.

Tonight her pictured face
I held in my hand again,
And I know, if she were here,
I should be as happy as when

The light of her smile awoke
Sweet thrills of love in my heart;
O, faint was the light of hope,
When at last we had to part.

Who knows what anthems arise,
Songs for the ransomed—free,
When they in His likeness awake,
Over the Jasper sea.

So heart of mine, why sorrow
For what we cannot tell,
Whether it be for ill,
Or for the future, well.

'Tis sad, we know, to lose her,
But 'tis gain for her to keep;
And we know, too, that He giveth
His own beloved sleep.

SOMEBODY WAS GLAD.

SOMEBODY was glad at the station,
When she met the fair, tall boy—
Was it a mother, I wonder,
Who welcomed him with joy?

Or was it a sister only?
Or Auntie, or a friend?
I hear their happy voices,
As the car steps they descend.

And I know she was glad, for she kissed him,
And he kissed her. Well-a-day!
They were mutually glad, I imagine,
That they came in each other's way.

CARELESS FINGERS.

O CARELESS baby fingers,
With your movements light and free,
Never in rain or sunshine,
Will you come to beckon me.
For the babies now have grown taller,
With the hearts of women and men,
And, with all their light caresses,
Will never come back again.

The hand now hardened with labor,
I clasp in my own, and try
To think it grasps mine as warmly
As it did in the days gone by.

But I know the clasp is lighter,
And the man is eager to go;
The worldly cares he is heeding,
Are hastening his footsteps so.

But 'tis only his way, God bless him;
He never dreams that I care
Because the love, once mine only,
Another dear one can share.
He is not aware that I miss him,
Or that he looks older each day,
As I see him, with manly footsteps,
Go on his homeward way.

One day he was here—my darling,
And there in the sitting-room
Were some of his old-time playthings,
That he loved in childhood's bloom.
An old book with tattered edges,
He took up with a smile,
And said, while laughing gaily,
"Have you kept that all this while?"

"I'd burn that up now, mother,
Such an object of age to see;
As worthless as the playthings
That were once a joy to me."
When he went away, to the cottage
That stands just over the hill,
I watched him with loving glances,
And yet my heart stood still,

As I wondered if he doubted
The mother's love for him,
That would strive to keep him, always,
Free from all shame and sin.

But no; it was only his nonsense—
The words were spoken in jest;
And yet, through all my being,
Came a feeling of vague unrest.

I took all the boyish trinkets
That he used in days of yore,
And put them where careless fingers
Could rest on them nevermore.
O boy, with your careless fingers,
Making places for mother to mend;
O man, with your words so thoughtless,
Know you not what grief you send

To one whose life is given
To the task of serving you?
Can you do less than to trust her,
And ever be kind and true?
Don't spoil her pleasant dreaming
By sneering at something old,
That she has tenderly cherished—
For her love ne'er grows cold.

And the tokens of their childhood,
They left when they were men,
She loves to carefully treasure—
It reminds her so much of them.
Yes, many careless fingers
Scatter the things about;
Yet, if our homes must please us,
We will not leave them out.

For we love them e'en when they're folded,
Under the lillies white,
Kissed by the summer sunshine,
So cheerful, warm and bright.
And if our sad hearts chide us
For neglect of those at rest,
We pray to be forgiven,
For we have done our best.

THE TURKEY.

O, HAVE you seen the turkey free?
For if you've not, O come with me,
And very merry we will be,
Eating the big, fat turkey.

We have bread and butter, and raisin cake,
And everything nice for the turkey's sake;
And a taste of everything you may take,
Right here by this nice, brown turkey.

The guests are merry, and glad, and gay,
And joyful words we hear them say;
Yes, truly, this is a thanksgiving day,
All full of sunshine and laughter.

So come to the feast—come one and all;
O, don't you hear the turkey's call!
Be thankful for blessings great and small,
On this bright day of rejoicing.

A LATE SPRING.

THE lone, brown hills lift up their frowning brows,
And tall, dead grasses are tossed by the wind;
My heart is sad to see them look so drear,
And then I sigh, and leave them far behind.

I leave them gladly, and go on, and on,
Beyond the bluffs where winds a running stream,
And seek in vain for springtime's early blooms—
I find them only in a vanished dream.

I dream of happy days, all bright and fair,
With deep blue sky and warmth of radiant sun,
And gladsome rest beneath the sheltering boughs
Of blossoming tree, when early day was done.

The merry chirp of crickets 'neath the steps,
The coo of happy doves adown the glen,
That wrecked but little of the days to come,
Or of the ceaseless care and toils of men.

Ah, well! Perhaps the summer time will come;
Yet now, no look of springtime seems to be
Around the few homes on this prairie land,
That look so drear and desolate to me.

Still must we patient be, and learn to wait
For that which sometimes cometh after death—
Bright, joyous life, with birds, and bees, and flowers,
Awakening, all, by springtime's dewy breath.

LINES.

DEAR friend, I heard today of your deep sorrow,
And can but feel what pain must fill your heart,
To think the life of one on earth the dearest,
And your life, now, must darkly drift apart.
Through all the coming years you fain will miss him—
Your sorrow seemeth greater than his gain;
We say, "Why has this sorrow fallen on me,"
Out-springing from our weariness and pain.

There is a hope out-reaching from the shadow,
A radiant light to shine upon your way;
'Twill guide your footsteps through the thorns and
darkness,
Into the green walk of a fairer day.
Look on the light and trust Him for His goodness,
And strive to think that sometime we shall know—
Shall share His joy in blissful peace forever,
And rest content, to think He wills it so.

LET THE WORLD MOVE ON.

THE sunshine and shadows are blended
The days with their wearisome sounds,
Come creeping along, and we're sighing,
As we go on our daily rounds.

Then we reach such a time of gladness,
Such friends to cheer us still,
That we are contented to love them,
And let the world move on as it will.

Nor heed all the sorrowing millions,
Their griefs our lives must not fill,
For our own burdens oppress us,
As we labor with a will.

So let us be up and be doing,
Earnestly strive our missions to fill,
Leaving others their burdens to carry,
Let the world move on as it will.

PRAYER.

O FATHER of love we praise Thee,
For all of Thy tender care,
And the shelter Thou hast given
To Thy children everywhere.
Bless us and keep us we pray Thee,
From worldliness and sin,
Feeling that we are happy,
Where with Thee we may enter in.
And night unto night doth praise Thee
With moon and stars, and the day,
Is praising Thee with its sunlight,
Ever and aye always.

PLUM BLOSSOMS.

As I stood in the shaded garden,
Where spring, with its beauty rare,
Put on all the freshening splendor
Of bud leaf and blossom fair,

There came to my wearied senses,
The faint, fragrant breath so sweet,
Of beautiful, white plum blossoms,
That fell in the grass at my feet.

I hoped that no storm would come after
The rest they had brought to me,
For my life was so cold and embittered—
As full of strife as could be.

But the feathery, little blossoms,
Light as the falling snow,
Brought me a sweeter comfort
Than I knew in the long ago.

I forgot my toil and trials,
And the waiting that brought no rest,
But as their peace stole o'er me,
It all seemed for the best,

Bloom on in your quiet beauty—
Teach to others as to me,
That life has pleasant places,
Where sometimes we may be.

CONTENTMENT.

I AM standing in the quiet eventide,
Beside the stream where you and I have stood;
And though I think upon the happy past,
I would not live it over if I could.

The birds are trilling gentle lullabies,
As deeper shadows hide their cool retreat,
And I, with happy thoughts about their homes,
Stand idly till the shadows reach my feet.

O happy present, I am glad to be
In thy sweet sunshine, gleaming golden bright,
Where no false shadows e'er can come again,
To dim the radiance of thy brilliant light.

I turn and wander back to home and rest,
Nor breathe one sigh for those bright days of yore,
Knowing full well the present is as dear,
And peace and love are mine forever more.

YOU WILL NOT BE FORSAKEN.

THINK not, though I am absent, dearest,
That life will seem a sadder day to you,
For other friends, with hearts as warm and tender,
Will meet you oft and prove affection true.

I have been kind, and smiled upon you fondly;
Have not reproved when all the cold world frowned;
And though we part today, perhaps forever,
Remember you were once my hero, crowned.

My life will be the same old, simple story,
Working for others, and the pressing need
Of many poor, who share my humble labors,
Will help me, love, to scatter precious seed.

You need not sigh for me, for I am happy,
You will be, too, when this one more goodbye.
Has faded from your careless erring memory,
And all will be so fair in love's bright sky.

So now, goodbye, think kindly of me ever,
As I of you, although my trust is shaken,
But I shall sorrow not for you, for others
Will love and cheer—you will not be forsaken.

OVER THE RIVER.

HE has gone from our once happy household,
And left us in sadness and tears,
To miss all his kind, loving goodness
Each day, through the swift-passing years.
How lonely the home seems without him!
Each room seems to echo his tread;
But his empty chair often reminds us
That our cherished loved one is dead.

He was always a friend to the needy,
And the rich smiled and called him their friend.
But from out of all pleasure and gladness,
He has reached his journey's end.

Out of life's hardships and struggles,
And from the crosses he had to bear,
Looking, sometimes, for the sunshine,
When his mind was o'er burdened with care.

Yet I think he would welcome gladly,
All of life's sorrow and pain,
And in suffering it, would reckon
It all as a glorious gain,
If he could but know of the friendship
Of those who have followed today,
With sad hearts the steps of the mourners
Who have left him asleep 'neath the clay.

Ah well! the years ever pass onward;
Soon we'll meet the ones gone before,
And speak the kind words forgotten
While wandering here on the shore.
Yes, when our boats reach that blessed anchor,
Where rested feet gladly have trod,
All the loved ones shall be reunited,
At home in the Kingdom of God.

BITTER SWEET.

HAVE you tasted the bitter, my darling?
Have you sighed for a fancy or dream?
Have you lingered too long—floating idly
Down love's enchanted stream?

If you have, it is time to awaken—
Cast off the spell—slumber has lain
Too long on your drowsy eyelids;
Awake, though the waking be vain.

Have you tasted the drugs in the goblet
That was held to your eager lips,
That at first brought such joyous pleasure,
As pure as the honeybee sips?

It is naught but the cost of a June-time;
The autumn soon fadeth the rose.
The bitterest thoughts will come after
The sweetness and beauty one knows.

Yes, life is a dream—while 'tis pleasant—
Of beautiful fancies sweet,
But at last all the loveliest roses
Are crushed 'neath our restless feet.

A REPROOF.

WHY silent, sister, through the sunny morning,
And busy noon, and calm and silent night?
Has aught now caused a shade of grief or anger
To come athwart the glimmer of love's light?

I cannot tell, but looking still, and watching,
I'm waiting for a message from your pen,
That shall recall the days we spent together,
And bring sweet peace to my sad heart again.

You may be lonely, too, while striving
For right and truth, and good that is to come.
When, glad or free, once more we'll dwell together,
And work together, dear, from sun to sun.

The time may hasten ere we know its mission,
And bring our lives sweet comfort once again,
Where we'll forget the hours of past submission,
And feel that no true trusting is in vain.

I KNOW IT ISN'T SO.

You may say folks don't judge by the clothing
You wear, if they're pleasant to you,
But, from my own sad experience,
I am just as sure that they do.

If you wear a coat that is ragged,
And a pair of gapping old shoes,
And look a bit sad and down-hearted—
Perhaps just a touch of the blues,

Why, there's many a person will pass you,
Who hasn't a word to say,
Because you are shabby and wretched,
And will silently go on their way.

If you enter the store to do shopping,
The clerks will stare and look wise;
And if you request their attention,
They will laugh at you then in surprise.

You may wait till your feet ache with standing,
Before they will notice your need,
And unless they are sure you have money,
You will not be alarmed at their speed.

But if you want pleasant attention,
Wherever you chance to go,
Just put on your finest clothing,
And notice how many will know

That you pass them on the crossing,
Or in the crowded mart.
Now remember what I tell you:
You must not judge by the heart.

For often the heart might be willing
To meet you as equal in tone,
But the thought of the world's quick opinion,
Will such a wrong impulse disown.

So, if you would keep up with the fashion,
With the busy world hurrying by,
You must dress well on every occasion,
Or there's no use to live if you try.

TOKENS OF SPRING.

I HEAR the cheery robins calling, calling,
I see the bluejay hopping here and there,
Saucy and light-hearted, as though never
His life has felt a sense of carping care.

I see the tiny grasses springing, springing,
Up from their bed of mosses and of mold,
As though half fearing, in their sudden rudeness,
They may be caught in winter's lingering cold.

I see around me, light and beauty beaming,
And my glad heart, too, with the robin sings;
And opening bud and leaf and early grasses,
With new delight each its own pleasure brings.

The windows, open wide, let in the sunlight,
And gentle breath of wind that sweeps about,
As though to find a hidden touch of winter,
And, with its gentle fragrance, drive it out.

We daily welcome these surprising tokens,
And summer beauties, too, will soon uncloze,
And lovelier flowers shall deck the vales before us,
The lilac and the dewy-hearted rose.

But we are reveling now in early dawning,
Of springtime joys, with all their wealth of bliss,
And if the summer comes, it can but hasten,
The grateful feelings of our lives for this.

WITH THE TIDE.

I WATCHED your boat go sailing out
On the boundless ocean wide,
And wondered if all the treasures rare,
Would come back with the tide.

The sunlight gilded earth and sea,
As the fair ship sailed away;
Unclouded hearts, with gladsome joy
And hope, beat high that day.

The days passed on; I wandered still,
Down on the rock-bound shore,
Looking in vain for sail or mast—
Would it come nevermore?

* * * * *

What's this I see out on the waves!
A broken mast and ropes?
O, come not near, until I know
The answer to my hopes.

A light seems dancing o'er the wave,
Just like a twinkling star,
And there a form, so dark and still,
Lashed to a floating spar.
Is this what yonder tide has brought,
With its ceaseless, sullen roar?
A wreck of life—of ship—of all,
Tossed toward the sand-washed shore?

LINES ON RECEIVING A VALENTINE.

I DON'T care a fig for the whole of creation,
I'm as happy today as a king on his throne.
The reason? Simply a dainty, white missive,
That came to me signed, "Sweet Valentine," "Your
Own."

Where did it come from? Dear me, how can I tell.
Who sent it? I see you are anxious to know.
Perhaps a little bird started to tell me,
And had his brown wings over-freighted with snow.
Maybe I shall never know who sent the token
Of loving affection from his gentle hand,
And while old Time wings his flight, ever unwearied,
His kindness for me I may not understand.
But I shall not care, for today I am happy,
And fear not the changing tide on life's wide sea;
In spite of all clouds, I shall sing, O, so gladly,
For some one was kind in remembering me.

McGILL AND McGEE.

THERE were two little boys, McGill and McGee,
Who were gay little newsboys as you will soon see.
They were poor little fellows, and worked hard each day,
To make a fair living, to pay their own way.
They were not just alike, for no two boys could be,
But one of these boys was the hero for me.
McGill was a schemer, and rapidly planned
How he might have money, more often at hand.
He kept a sharp lookout each day on the street,
To gain prize or plunder from those he might meet.
In counting the change for the papers he sold,
He was hasty and careless when the weather was cold.
Now Billy was timid, yes almost afraid,
To even talk business when making a trade;
But his heart was so kind and his voice was so sweet,
That he made many friends 'mid the throng in the street.

Now Johnny and Billy were partners in work,
And neither I'm sure his duty would shirk.
One morning McGill was ahead of McGee,
And bright for a trade as a wise boy should be.
Old Mrs. McCarthy kept a stand of fine fruit,
And she tried her best, all the children to suit.
As Johnny was hurrying along down the street,
He hit the fruit stand with its load of nice sweets,
But rushed right along nor stopped to inquire,
What harm he had done; and the old woman's ire
Was kindled against him as the fruit rolled around,
And she was too lame to stoop to the ground.
"If I only had hould av the youngster," said she,
"I'd shake him well, I would, you'd see."
But just then kind Billy came whistling by,
But he stopped with a jerk, when the sight caught his
eye.
"O please let me help you, I know I can, too.
I've been waiting to do an errand for you,
Since the night when us boys was a gettin' home late,
And you gave us some apples and peanuts, I hate
Ter leave yer to straighten the whole stand ag'in.
But yer's Johnny a comin' and he'll scold sure as sin."
So the old woman thanked him as Johnny came near.
But he was real cross and his face looked so queer.
"I haint had no luck for a whole week," he said,
As he sullenly shook his little brown head.
"And good enough, too," the old woman said,
"For if you were kinder you'd have work ahead;
And if you'd be honest I'm sure you would be,
As gay and light-hearted as Billy McGee."

STRANGERS YET.

IN that fair land toward which our feet are set.
Where ills ne'er fret,
Shall you know me—I you,
Or shall we both forget?

Shall we forget the loving deeds and words
For you and I?
The smiles and joys—the pleasures,
In happy years gone by?

And, too, shall we forget the sordid strife,
The pain and scorn,
The bitterness that came to both,
Within the sunny morn?

But if we must remember pain and grief,
Then 'twere no joy
To have a taste of Heaven's bliss,
With dull alloy.

If I could know that we, dear—you and I,
Should sometime meet,
And be forgiven for all, in kindness,
Then life, at last, were sweet.

If *not*, then even in that Heavenly land
I'd not forget,
But meet you as we met on earth—
As strangers yet.

ALWAYS WINTER.

THE sunshine rests so softly, lightly,

Upon the heads of heather bloom;

I cannot think its radiant brightness

Will fade, and bring us night so soon.

And yet I know that love has come and gone,

And nothing now is left for hope to rest upon.

The birds are gay, and chirp and twitter.

And flit to the neighboring boughs to rest,

But when the last faint beam has faded,

They fly back to their own sweet nest.

I love to watch them flitting to and fro,

And yet my heart cannot forget its woe.

When the playful breeze is swaying, tossing

The scented blooms, all wet with dew.

About me in luxuriant showers,

I wonder, "Is there aught untrue?"

Ah! there is resting in love's shining way,

While some hearts know but winter's chilling day.

The cheery laughter of the happy children

Falls all unheeded on my ears;

Faint glimpses of the past come near me,

That call forth only bitter tears.

O weary time! O future days so long!

I cannot teach my heart to sing your song.

Always and always, bleakest winter—

No summer's gladdening light for me,

But ever the same frost pictures,

Traced by a haunted memory.

Never a sweetness, not akin to pain—

I miss the sunlight, after mist and rain.

Truly, all lives must have some gladness,
In happy days and pleasant scenes—
A time that will not vanish lightly,
Like the mere semblance of a dream.
But mine has lost the brightness that it knew,
And all of life seems sad, and strange, and new.

ABSENT, YET NEAR.

I'M away, but I know you remember
The words that I spoke on that day;
The blessing I gave you at parting,
Though we were so smiling and gay.

I know the truth reached you, my darling—
I know that your heart understands,
Although I may nevermore meet you—
Though again we shall never clasp hands.

You know how I trusted and loved you,
And today I'm as loving and fond,
For above every cloud of temptation,
I know your true heart will respond.

THE LAST STAMP.

YOU may talk of the sadness of parting
With a fragrant cigar loved so well,
Or a lover's last sad parting,
In a fair and leafy dell.

But there's one thing will cause deeper sorrow,
To merchant, or tailor or tramp,
A feeling of woe for the morrow,
When he uses his last postage stamp.

You may sometimes, too, lose your last dollar,
And when old friends pass coldly by,
Do you think you will meet a huge cyclone,
And in its oblivion die?
Ah, no; life is dark for a season,
But then there is many a tramp,
Who writes a kind loving letter,
And sends it with his last stamp.

You think to regain your lost foot-hold,
On the slippery ladder of life,
But you soon will despair if you're crowded
Out of sight in the hurrying strife.
Yet, arise (though the world never knows you
To call you a king or a tramp),
And wait till return mail shall bring you
A reward for your last postage stamp.

And now, dear kind friends, who are waiting,
This long promised letter from me,
I hope you'll rejoice when you read this,
And find out the reason, you see
My *intention* was good, but the weather
Has been very muddy and damp,
And, on the last letter I mailed you,
I pasted my last postage stamp.

THINK OF ME.

WILL you think of me, my darling,
When the morns in joy awake?
Will you breathe a whispered blessing
On the absent for my sake?

Will you smile and e'er be happy,
Though some task go sadly wrong?
Will you strive, when life is dreary,
To fill all the hours with song?

Will you ever think about me?
Will you ever long to hear
The low tones of love that whispered
Sweetest comforting and cheer?

Will you think of hours of gladness,
That your sad life might have known,
Had you looked beyond the shadows,
Where the light of hope still shone?

If your're happy in the sunshine—
Glad and joyous all the day,
Will you ever think about me,
Sad and lonely, far away?

Will you gaze in homesick longing
At the white sails out at sea?
Will you ever miss me, darling—
Will you ever think of me?

When the world has proved too shallow,
And you know life's misery,
In the mist of shadowed silence,
Be kind, dear, and think of me.

AN AUTUMN DAY.

THE sun, away to the eastward,
Gloomy, and gray, and cold,
As if its infant brightness
Was burnished with tarnished gold.

A mist came up from the river,
And hid, with its misty light,
The houses and streets of our city,
That were wont to be fair and bright.

The children went hurrying school-ward,
To find there comfort and cheer,
And some were discontented,
To see the day so drear.

Noon comes—the mists are rising—
The sun means to show his face,
While cheerfulness seems to gather
Quickly in every place.

O, what a change from the morning!
What joy the earth can hold!
As we meet and greet each other,
It seems we can ne'er grow old,

Night shades fall softly—lightly—
We journey our homeward way;
And with grateful hearts we thank Him
For this precious autumn day.

MUSING.

I WATCHED the changeful shadows shifting,
Just near the quiet, peaceful eventide,
And my thoughts turned, in happy, tuneful musings,
To earthly things, and heavenly, beside.

I seemed to see, (in dreamy fancy,) twining,
The sweetest flowers around your humble home;
Where willing feet, that never needed resting,
Found sweetest shelter 'neath its sunny dome.

The clouds go by, just as our fits of temper
Vanish before love's genial, welcome light;
And the red sun sinks softly 'neath earth's bosom,
And gray sky all around foretells the night.

Why should we grieve for some slight pleasure ban-
ished?

'Tis but a dream at best, this life of ours;
And we are happier far, who save our pinings,
And gather all the brightest, sweetest flowers.

Sweet hope still leads us, if our feet will follow,
Through sunny paths and radiant heather bloom;
So that our hearts, in finding such sweet comfort,
Will think the evening bells ring all too soon.

PUSSY'S LESSON.

O PUSSY, my dear little pussy,
Pray what are you going to do!
Your manners are very imperfect,
And you have such a faint little mew.

I think I must give you a lesson
On manners, and language and things;
Why, nearly everything round us,
My dear little pussy cat, sings.

Perhaps you may, too, in the future,
But I want you to learn right away;
And, as I'm going to teach you,
I mean to commence, puss, today.

We'll go out into the garden—
In the sunshine and fragrant air;
You may stand on the bench, you're so little,
And I'll sit in the garden chair.

Now you must be very quiet,
Till I hold up my finger—so;
O, it isn't for you to play with—
You're the stupidest cat I know.

Do you hear Nero, out in the barn-yard?
Well, he is not coming this way.
You must really pay better attention,
And mind every word that I say.

Now, puss, you may tell me "Good morning,"
Just give me your soft paw to shake;
I want you to be very lovely,
And please dear papa for my sake.

Very good. Now sing, just a little,
To get your voice well in tune.
I think if you practice daily,
You can sing very nicely by June.

O dear, there you are in the grasses,
Hunting a miserable fly.
You are naughty and I shall not teach you,
Unless you will promise to try.

You won't try? Then come here till I pet you,
My own dear Daisy Bell,
You don't know your lesson quite perfect,
But I'm sure you love me well.

So you may lie in the sunshine,
And blink and dream all day.
For when I scold—your so patient,
And don't have a word to say.

RAIN DROPS.

SPARKLING little rain drops,
Falling on the ground,
You make such pretty music,
I love its merry sound.,
What are you all saying,
As you fall so low?
Do you come to moisten
The flowers and make them grow?
Pitty, patter, patter,
I hear you say again—

O, what are you all doing,
Little drops of rain?
To the bubbling streamlet
You will flow, I think,
And soon the little birdies
Will come to get a drink.
And thirsty hogs and cattle
May drink from well or stream,
Where some of you have fallen;
And, too, the grasses green
Absorb the drink you give them,
And thank you, as you know,
By being tall and stately,
And as good as they can grow.
So you see you are useful, rain drops,
Although you are so small,
And you add a blessing, rain drops,
Wherever you may fall.

OLD SMUT.

Now old Smut is dead, you tell me,
And I am so sorry today,
That I shall never more see him—
No more can he caper and play.

He was so gentle and loving,
And he knew funny tricks to perform;
And now he's been caught in a blizzard—
His death, the effects of the storm.

I know Toots will be dreadful lonesome;
I suppose he will howl all the day,
Since his dear old friend and companion
Has been suddenly taken away.

I hope you can keep the canary,
And the dog, and a few of the hens;
I wish you had forty piggies,
And could fasten them all up in pens.

But Smut was a dear old playmate—
I'm sorry he went away;
But then we shall miss every treasure
That we have to relinquish, some day.

Out of our lives he has drifted—
Gone away into silence so deep
That we cannot hope to awaken
Him out of his quiet sleep.

We'll place a head-board above him,
In token of memory fond,
For when he was here among us,
To each loving word he'd respond.

So, though he has left us in sorrow,
Our hearts still in memory see
The dear old fellow and playmate,
As gay as he used to be.

MY OLD FRIEND JIM.

HE was slender, tall and thin,
Was this friend of mine, this old-time Jim.
And he regarded me, I guess,
In the light I did him, or more, or less.

We went to school in the same house, too,
And when I was saucy, or sad, or blue,
He was sure to come, with a comical grin,
To cheer me up, did slender Jim.

One day we'd a lesson hard to learn—
I failed to recite when it came my turn;
I never dared to look at him,
But I knew he was there, was black-haired Jim.

Then at recess he came in high glee,
And gave me a map he had drawn for me,
But I threw it down on the dusty floor,
And declared I'd not have it, o'er and o'er.

He looked quite sober, did faithful Jim,
But I just made a wry face at him.
At singing school one moonlight night,
He suddenly asked me if he might

Go home with me. Of course 'twas fair,
And so I told him I didn't care;
But he did not catch the words I said,
And so we both went home alone instead.

And then he was cross as he could be,
But I was not to blame, you see.
He lost no chance to vex me then,
And he never was such a good friend again.

He called me names, did fierce-eyed Jim,
Until the boys were ashamed of him,
And made him be careful of this and that,
But the game we had played was, "Tit for tat."

So the game was ended, for him and for me,
And we were no sadder, that I could see;
And I never acknowledged, to schoolmate Jim,
That I was the least bit proud of him.

He lives now, thousands of miles away,
And there, I hope, he'll conclude to stay;
For I'll like him better—think more of him,
Than when he is here—my old friend Jim.

INEVITABLE.

THERE'S no use in pining and fretting
For things that will never come right;
You may as well give up the struggle,
Or aim to be first in the fight.
The sunlight is sure to come after
The tempest, and wind, and rain;
And the peace that we long for shall greet us,
If we do our work over again.
There is no use in pining and scolding,
When some daily tasks go wrong;
We must sing, though often and often
There are false notes in our song.
So look to the right of the shadows,
If the hopeful things *are* few;
It will all come right in the future,

If we are leal and true.
True to our own right duties—
True to a friend, as a friend—
And we shall not need false courage
To keep us to the end.
His watchful care is above us—
His goodness e'er shall dwell
Around the ones who serve Him,
And that He has loved so well.

IN VAIN.

I STAND so close beside you, dear,
That I could touch, with out-stretched hand,
Your own hand, dear, to clasp in mine,
But would you, knowing, understand?

Would you know all the changeful ways
My feet have gone, in search of you?
Would you feel all the bliss and joy
Of believing a dear one fond and true?

Could you sound all the depths of wrong
That I have felt, though by your side,
When all my tender acts of love
And gentle questionings were denied?

And could you pierce the darkness, too,
That fell upon my heart at times,
When silence answered my vain calls,
Instead of Love's sweet, echoing chimes?

Ah! could you, dear? and bring to me
The peace and love I long to know,
If I should reach to you my hand?
'Twere joy indeed to have it so.

And yet, dear Heart, I would not bind
Your heart in fetters, love to keep;
Your feet, unused to rugged paths,
Would falter ere they climbed the steep.

I would not have you sorrowing, dear,
For wrongs that you can never right;
You're only for the happier life,
And warmth and glow of clear sunlight.

And so I think you may not know—
God grant it so—the bitter pain
That I have felt in some sad hours,
Of loving you, dear, all in vain.

WE SHALL ALL COME BACK AGAIN.

WHERE the fresh summer grasses are growing,
And the pink blossoms from the trees
Are wafted in showers about us
With every passing breeze,

Where the brooklet down in the meadow
Ripples along in its glee,
Where the birds, all through the summer,
Sing gayest for you and me,

Where the lowing cattle stand waiting
For milking time to come,
And the busy bees as they labor,
Ever drowsily hum,

Where the strawberries are the sweetest,
And the greenest garden spot
Is just beyond the door yard,
You remember it, do you not?

Ah well, where everything living,
Is the best and dearest, 'tis plain
Sometime in our worldly travels
We will wander back again.

We shall long again for the meadows.
Where the freshest berries grew,
And the well in the old south pasture,
And the old oaken bucket, too.

And ever so many attractions
That my pen will fail to write,
But if you just think them over,
You will dream of them tonight.

So remember what I tell you,
Don't live your life in vain,
So that you'd be ashamed like
To ever go home again;

But keep a hearty interest
In your own dear kith and kin,
For I'm certain as I can be now
That we'll all come back again.

NOT SATISFIED.

THERE is a nameless feeling in my heart—
A longing for some joy I hoped to know;
A dread of coming days without love's light,
And years of restless wandering to and fro'.

To know no tender friendliness of speech,
Or see a smile upon the kindly face,
That once brought joy; now loneliness has come,
Since it has gone from its accustomed place.

I list in vain to hear her footstep now,
Or gentle voice, whose accents did but seem
Like fairy voices heard in woodland dell,
Or fancied echo of a pleasant dream.

Those clasping hands, whose guiding would have been
So firm, yet kind, through all the ills of time,
Have other feet to guide in pleasant paths,
And there's no thought for any need of mine.

So I must journey on, in storm or calm,
Not knowing if a change will ever come;
For there are duties waiting for me now,
That spite of gain or loss must still be done.

Perhaps our paths may sometime cross again,
As drifting boats pass on life's changing tide,
No more to dwell in far and separate ways,
But, in the rain or sunshine, side by side.

A WEDDING WISH.

MAY only sweetest flowers strew the path
Where your feet may in future be;
May richest blessings e'er be given,
To bring pure joys to thine and thee.

May only sunlight's mellowed gleam
Fall where you gather up your sheaves,
And never ruthless touch of frost,
That sears the verdure of the leaves.

May all the future yet to come to thee,
Though fraught with seasons of dull care,
Be filled with a sweet trust in Him
Who guides you where 'tis always fair.

WHO WON THE DAY?

O JERRY he was frisky, and Jerry he was gay,
And I wondered in the morning if he'd keep it up all day.

For he was a stubborn creetur, I knew for we'd had him
long,
But Ben thought he could manage, and he was stout and
strong.

So out in the field he drove him, at a slow, rambling gait,
And you would never imagine that a creetur that *looked*
so sedate,

Could send things just a flyin', as I have seen him do;
A scatterin' the corn, plow, and makin' a big ado.

But that day he worked and was quiet till they come up
at night,
And then the way he acted, just sot me all in a fright!

He got loose from the rope Ben was holdin', and then
just like a flash,
He more than went a sailin' around the barn with a dash.

He run till he come to the pastur', the bars was up quite
high,
Bue he crushed 'em down in a minute, as a elephant
would a fly.

The boys said a span of horses couldn't a broke the poles
in that gate,
But where that Jerry wanted to go, he didn't mean 'to
wait

For any new-fangled notions o' undoin' gates and bars,
If you got in his way he'd throw you so high you could
see the stars.

He run till he got tired. Ben had no show at all.
And I just laughed and hollered, as I leaned 'gainst the
kitchen wall.

When he'd see the clubs a wavin', as he come up near
the barn,
He only dodged and bellered, he knew they'd do no harm.

He trampled the rows of potatoes, wherever his feet was
sot,
And he tore up the ground in places, fit for a garden
spot.

But at last he come to the barn yard, a puffin' and all
out of breath;

Sometime I expect that creetur will run himself to death.

And Benj'min tied him up then, so for a time he'd stay.
But the very next chance he gets, he'll up and run away.

He run till he wanted to stop, too, so it isn't for me to
say

Which had their way, my Benj'min, or the ox he drove
that day.

EXPECTATION.

SHE waited long at the window,
For the postman to come near,
For she expected a valentine
From the one, to her heart, most dear.

At last he came; in a minute
She ran to the great hall door,
And said, with a smile bewitching,
"Why didn't you come before?"

He threw the mail in with a flourish,
And went whistling down the street,
Leaving the blooming maiden
To her dreams and fancies sweet.

She opened her precious letter,
As she sat on the piano stool,
And all the dainty missive said,
Was: "Hello, my April Fool!"

THE WORLD IS WHITE AGAIN.

THE night was filled with troubled dreams,
The shadows crept too near my heart;
And half forgotten forms came, too,
That made me wake, and shrink, and start.

O hideous scenes! O darksome night,
That fretted all my peace away!
I could not rest until there came
The first light of awakening day.

At length I roused me from my dreams—
Forth to my labor I must go—
And saw the outside world once more
Was covered with a robe of snow.

The boughs of every tree were white
With Nature's frost work of the night,
Filling my soul, once dark with dread,
With heavenly visions of delight.

And now with kindest word and deed,
I go to greet my fellow men,
For life seems fair, and sweet, and good,
Since all the world is white again.

WHAT HE LIKES.

I KNOW a pony that likes white sugar,
And candy, and cabbage, and radishes, too.
Have you a horse that likes such victuals?
And do you feed him as well as I do?

He likes to run in the country meadows,
He can smell the corn by the roadside growing;
He snuffs and sniffs the fragrant air,
On a summer day when the wind is blowing.

He likes, Oh, ever so many things !
He likes to run, and he likes to play;
He likes to draw the carriage, or sleigh;
He likes to go on the road every day.

He likes it, sometimes, to be loose in the yard,
And romp and play on the fresh, green grass;
He rubs his nose on your arm if you're near,
And will try to kick you as you pass.

BARRIERS.

THERE are heights of strong distrust and doubt
Where weird fancies flit about,
I think you know.
And I again shall never be,
The one to do kind things for thee,
Since thou wouldst go.

The chilling winds of changed love,
Like an untiring homeless dove,
 Flit here and there,
And aid to heighten thoughts and dreams,
That are disfigured memory scenes,
 All fraught with care.

After the burden of weary years,
And sad hours filled with bitter tears,
 Proud scorn is king.
For the joys we knew in the charmed past,
Were but shadows of bliss and could not last,
 But they left a sting.

And high as the walls from earth to sky,
With never a hope to scale them by,
 Are these barriers bold.
And over the rough untrodden track,
Or pleasant way, we'll never turn back
 To that story old.

The pages we read are closed for aye,
Till the last of earth has passed away,
 And all is well.
So I never shall chide—what need I say,
When these barriers shut me out from the way,
 Of one who fell.

A CROSS BIRDIE.

“CHEE-WE, chee-we, chee-wit,
Summer has come but I don't care a bit;
Whortle te whortle te whoo,
Who in the world are you?”

“Bob White, Bob White, keep still,
Stop singing on my green hill;
You needn't sing it, and make the woods ring it—
We don't want rain, we are ill.”

“O dear, how hot the sun shines !
It's too warm to swing in bush, tree, or vines,
And that old cat will mew;
Keep still—O pray do.”

“See here, little birdie mine,”
The mamma bird said, with a shake of her head,
“You needn't sing; put your head neath your wing,
And march straight to bed.”

THE MODEL FISHERMAN.

With hook and line, and worms for bait,
He sat out in the sun,
Until the fish all thought, I guess,
That he was there for fun.

The scorching rays of sunlight fell
Upon his back and head,
Until I'm sure, down in his heart,
Was a wish that they were dead.

At last, a-ha, he felt a jerk
Upon the line in hand,
And, with a dextrous move, he tried
To bring his fish to land.

With eagerness he pulled and pulled,
But, poor, deluded man,
There was nothing on his hook at all,
But an empty oyster can.

O YOU WERE ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

O YOU were all the world to me,
My lover fond and true,
But now love's light is blurred and dim,
The sky has lost its blue.
Many boats have been wrecked on life's rude sea;
Since you were all the world to me.

The planets move in their wide space,
And men their way pursue,
And fickle hearts still beat and throb,
And some of life is false—some true.
But from its ills I would not flee,
For you were all the world to me.

The sun had gleams of fretted gold,
For places else all gloom,
For thoughts of gentleness and peace,
My changeful heart had room.
But I'm no more happy and care-free,
Since you were all the world to me.

Ah, you were dear long years ago,
But now my life knows sweet content.
To all that once was sad and drear
This is a blessed supplement.
And life has lessons glad and free,
Though you're not all the world to me.

THE FARMER.

THE merry farmer at close of day,
Comes singing homeward, blithe and gay.

Happy he seems though weary care,
In his day's work has had a share.

Sing on, O men with faces tanned,
Somewhere, sometime, you must command.

You are workers in fields of golden grain,
And your harvest will be a wealth of gain.

God grant you strength through coming time,
To brave rude storms, without sunshine.

May you ever sing a song as gay,
As the home-coming brings at close of day.

I AM POOR.

I AM poor, but I know that Thou dost love me,
Dost care for me day by day;
Thou wilt send, in showers of blessings,
Gladness to brighten my way.

I know Thou hast need of my service,
Though simple. For nothing mete.
I am only an humble pupil,
To be taught at the Master's feet.

Poor and unlearned and selfish—
Not fit for the King to see—
Yet, one of His blessed children
I am striving ever to be.

LOOKING BEYOND.

I CARE not though the sky be overcast,
And all your friends but pleasant, summer dreams;
I claim a token of remembrance fond,
For other days, for better, happier scenes.

I care not for the "Past;" it soon will be
A page forgotten, in life's changing book.
I claim now only friendship's gentle words,
And when we meet, but kindly deed and look.

I look to future days that shall be fair,
And newer friends, with hearts as fond and true
As those we knew in olden time and way,
Though some, perchance, should be as faithless, too.

But there is gladness and a happy world,
If we ne'er listen to the undertone
Of disappointed hopes and broken trust,
And in bringing others joy, should find our own.

And you will be my friend through all the years—
I know you never can forget to be—
For truth is right and falsehood cannot stay
Where there are hearts filled with sincerity.

Clouds cannot dim the perfect faith and trust
I have in friends whose kindness will not sway
With every passing breeze of scorn or hate,
But whose love will sustain me all the way.

HOW CAN WE COME.

O PASTORS with your stores of sacred knowledge,
Of joy and love—of sin and all its cost,
Can you tell us of a way to reach Him,
Have you e'er drifted tempest-tossed?
Have you been in the storm and darkness,
And heard His gentle "Peace be still;"
In all the trials been submissive,
Bowed meekly down to own His will?

How can we come, when our feet are fast sinking,
 Beneath the world's alluring pleasure sands ?
While we, with feeble arms uplifted,
 Can not quite reach these wounded, bleeding hands.
How can we come, bearing the heavy burdens
 That daily make us weary e'en of life,
How can we smile amid the sin and sickness.
 And peaceful be in every worldly strife ?

Our eyes are dim, and hidden seems the pathway
 That leads to some fair distant Glory Land.
And how can we, amid the clouds and doubting,
 Come, when we do not understand ?
A little way, they tell us, yet the journey,
 We know is long with thorny paths to tread,
And night will come with all its shadows,
 How can we come, will there be light ahead ?

Will there be flowers when we are tired of deserts,
 Sweet music when our souls do thirst for song,
Hope near, when we are all despairing,
 Courage through all to make us strong ?
If not, how can we come proclaiming
 The right to praise His sacred, holy name,
Who for our sakes the Book records us,
 Once to this sinful earth, a Wanderer came.

How can we come, so weak and all unworthy,
 Too frail to bear our portion of the cross,
Faltering 'twixt the wide and narrow pathway ?
 In one is found salvation—the other, pain and loss.
Time passes on and still we doubting question,
 How can we come, not knowing any way,
Must we but pray and trust in His good promise,
 Until the dawning of another day ?

IN JUNE.

THE rain shuts out the sunshine,
The flowers bend and nod;
The grass is growing greener,
Upon the upturned sod.

The birds of every color
Flit blithely round and round,
And make our hearts glad—joyful,
With cheeriness of sound.

The flowers nod and quiver
Beneath my outstretched hand;
O well we know God reigneth,
O'er all this favored land.

I watch the birds that carol
In merry, joyful tune,
And it fills my heart with gladness,
This happy, happy June.

ROUND ROLLS THE BALL.

ROUND rolls the ball,
So light and so red;
I can toss it, you see,
As high as your head.

Now down on the floor,
It rolls far away.
Can you run and catch it,
While we are at play?

Now throw the ball gently
To my hands, and see
If I cannot catch it.
Again—one, two, three.

What fun, O my baby,
To play with the ball,
As upward it goes,
To rebound 'gainst the wall.

Once more I will toss it
So gently to you;
Now you toss it back—
That's a nice way to do.

"TRE LE, TRE LE."

I ONCE knew a boy so full of his fun,
He'd laugh and play and jump and run,
He always would answer as nice as could be,
But to me it was always, "tre le, ah, tre le."

If you ever see him I know you can tell
Just what he will say, for he likes to so well.
He will wink with one eye, so cute, don't you see,
And then he will warble, "Tre le, tre le."

WORDS.

WORDS! Ah me, what tiny things,
Yet they have the swiftest wings.
Rushing over every track—
We can never take them back.

Unkind words, what harm they do,
Hasty words, so oft untrue;
Words of friendship, words of love,
Words that lead our thoughts above.

Words of promise that shall rise
O'er misfortune's changeful skies;
Pleasant words, so kindly spoken—
Links in memory's chain unbroken.

Kindly words, their power we feel,
Countless wounds their presence heal;
Soothing balm to every heart,
They greet us and sweet peace impart.

Words, words, words, as time goes by,
We will remember, you and I,
Though they're small, alas, alack,
We can never take them back.

GOD KNEW IT WOULD BE SO.

If trials oppress and exhaust us—
If we see but the darker side—
'Tis our own fault if we languish,
And the better gifts are denied.

God guides us, if we would but listen
To His tones, so low and sweet,
And shows us a plainer pathway
For our weak and wayward feet.

Out of the harshness of discord—
Of fretfulness and pain,
He untangles the thread, and starts us
On the pattern of peace again.

He knows we are frail, and are tempted,
But He knows that our hearts will respond
To the precious words He has given—
A beacon that shows us beyond

The trifling of earth's pleasures,
To a fairer land of rest,
That we shall reach at the sunset,
Where our sorrows shall be confessed.

Where we shall meet our loved ones,
In a land undimmed by night;
Where never a tear of sadness
Shall mar the heart's delight.

So we will love and trust Him—
His tender guidance know,
For, whatever the gaining or losing,
God knew it would be so.

I'VE DONE WHAT HE COMMANDED.

I'VE done what He commanded,
I've been baptised in His name,
I've asked to be forgiven,
For my worldliness and blame.

I hope to be one of His children,
And serve Him leal and true.
Performing each task He gives me,
As He would have me do.

I am journeying to that country
Where is never a clouded life,
Never a sound of discord,
Or unhappiness or strife.

But only bliss eternal,
And songs of joy that thrill,
Each heart that's filled with His praises—
How gladly we'll bow to His will.

Yes, we who obey His commandments,
Shall find, with our souls "It is well,"
And when our trials are ended,
We with Him shall forever dwell.

TOMMY RIDDLE.

I CALL him Tommy Riddle,
For he was a riddle to me;
He would do the kindest things, boys,
When he knew no one could see.

And when I'd ask him why, boys,
He'd only smile and say:
"Why my mother always taught me
To be good and kind every day."

Now do you know this Tommy,
Or a boy of any name,
Who is careful, and upright, and honest,
Every day the same?

If you do, just show him to me, sir,
For he is the boy for me,
Whether he is Tommy Riddle,
Or Billy, or Pat McGee.

SING.

SING little bird,
And sing little boy,
For your hearts are both ready
To burst with their joy.

Sing out in wild glee,
For the children to hear,
For this is the gladdest
Time of the year.

Sing for mamma,
And sing for papa;
Sing, murmuring waters,
That gurgle, ha! ha!

Sing little bird,
And sing little boy,
For the whole world
Is filled with its joy.

A CARELESS WORD.

'Twas but a careless word of mine,
That fell from lips so long unkissed,
My heart was lonely in the strife,
Dear home, and love, I so much missed.

Yes it was wrong, unkind of me,
To wound a loving heart and true.
But doubt not that heart-shadows come,
When evening's gray shuts out the blue.

O loving voice, O gentle hands,
Your tender care of me alway
Has been a token sure and fond,
Of true affection day by day.

Have I by careless word of mine
Wounded and crushed earth's fairest flower:
Are all the loving deeds and words,
To vanish as a summer hour?

Ah no, 'twere hard enough to bear
This sense of being in the wrong.
Love, grant me your forgiveness now,
And we shall meet with smile and song.

SEPARATED.

KIND hands that once clasped ours so fondly,
With strength of youth and heartiness of love,
No more respond to greetings of affection—
Then how can we our tenderness e'er prove?

And that dear voice, that sang old songs so sweetly,
Long years ago when life seemed fresh and fair,
We hear it nevermore at evening;
Yet once—it eased our load of clinging care.

And why this prolonged silence, strange and chilling,
As if we all had treated you so ill?
Why do you never come again, in kindness,
And see that we are true, and love you still?

Yes, dear one, hearts are just as true and steadfast
As in the faded light of olden day,
Aching sometimes, in loneliness and silence,
To think of you so often, far away.

Ever, in all the time before us.
Shall our lives lie in far and different spheres?
Can no fond hand e'er lead you back to us, dear?
Will you not heed our prayers or bitter tears?

Brothers and sisters, now no longer happy,
If you still wish to grieve us as we go;
Never to meet in peace and joy of gladness—
Never the cherished home delights to know.

MARRIED.

DEAR friend, so many days have passed,
Since I last wrote a line to you;
You may think I have quite forgotten,
Am very careless and untrue! .

But ah! My heart is filled with sadness,
Even as when hot tears I shed,
To think that you had gone away;
But we would still be *friends* you said.

And so I cannot blame you, friend,
For all the gladness you may know;
'Tis only right, and good, and just,
For I believe God wills it so.

MY SHEAVES.

I SANG a song at break of day,
'Twas full of mirth and joy and glee.
The rosy beams of morning sun
Made all the world seem fair to me.
And when the noon came with its heat,
And harvest fields of gleaming gold
Waited the sickle, I did sing,
And careless hands did idly fold.

Ah well, thought I, there still will be
Enough when those at work have gone,
And I will wait and gather mine,
When it is cool at set of sun.

But when the sun sank in the west,
Great shadows hung o'er vale and lea,
Where all the golden grain had been,
And all the darkness frightened me.

I could not go among the thorns,
In lonely silence, then said I,
I'll wait until another morn,
All will be better by and by.
But all the bright days came and went,
And the night came when I must bring
The sheaves I'd gathered for His home,
And I had none, yet, I could sing.

But ah, my voice was harsh and loud,
The clear notes of the morn had fled
Like the gay rose-leaves that so soon,
Are scattered, faded, faint and dead.
And so in gloom I weep and sigh
For golden grain—for vanished song,
And precious day now all passed by,
No place have I among that throng.

A MONOTONE.

THE springtime came, with mud and rain,
The birds all sang together,
But we all laughed right merrily,
Nor heeded stormy weather.

“Were I to name the deepest joy
That e’er has flown to me,
’Twould be the tender memory
Of the love I’ve borne for thee.”

And so, while springing grasses crept,
And looked up to the sun,
I listened to the world’s glad voice,
Till the summer time had come,

And sang in mirth, with bird and bee.
My heart was filled with peace.
I hoped that memory of you
Would never, never cease.

I only dreamed. Love’s budding time,
That swiftly, lightly came,
Filled all my happy, careless life,
So free from wealth and fame.

Until the summer time had passed—
The skies had changed to gray;
The flowers of love, and fondness, too,
Had vanished quite away.

I sat, in loneliness and grief,
To read past memories o’er;
But still I knew that love had flown,
And would return no more.

AN EARLY BLOSSOM.

DEAR little hyacinth under the snow,
You are early awake, I know.

I fear the late snow will soil your blue dress.
It is so cold in its worldliness.

But keep your green leaves for the summer showers,
And get a new dress for the summer flowers.

THANKFULNESS.

AND I am thankful, Lord, to be
Just anywhere, to work for Thee.

Just anywhere may I be led,
If I, by Thine own hand am fed.

Just anywhere, if I may see
The flowers Thou makest, all so free.

The grass to nod, the wind to blow,
And all because Thou wilt it so.

In all the bright, green world around—
From Nature's voices that resound—

The happy children—bird and bee—
These but remind us, Lord, of Thee.

They tell us, in choicest speech,
The lessons they were meant to teach—

That humble, patient, we must be,
To dwell, in gladness, nearer Thee.

A BIT OF AUTUMN.

THE world is changing about me—
Its colors are green and gold;
And I feel that the varying shadows
Make the earth seem very old.

My days of true joy are over—
The pleasures of morn are past;
And I know life's evening shadows
Their sadness around me cast.

Again the mirth and the music
Are lingering in my ears,
But they waken olden memories,
That fill my eyes with tears.

IN OTHER DAYS.

IN other days, when shadows creep
Around the way your feet may tread,
Will you remember joy or bliss,
That lived in days forever fled?

Will ever kind recurring thought
Lighten the labor of your way?
Will memory gleams of pleasantness
Brighten the twilight's purpling ray?

In other days will you recall
The fragrant flowers, we loved so well?
Will ever sorrow for the past
Within your heart one moment dwell?

Will longing ever fill your life
To feel the clasp of hands again
That helped you kindly in the past,
Eased all your sorrowing and pain?

In other days. Ah me, dear one,
I sigh to think what might have been;
And sad with hopeless grieving yet,
The light of peace grows strangely dim.

In other days. Ah other lives
Shall know the blessedness of yours,
While my feet, wandering alway,
As a misguided spirit soars.

I can not tell what you will do,
What you or I shall think or dream,
For all things change, for good or ill,
As we go on from scene to scene.

In other days. I wish you well.
If Fortune smiles I shall be glad,
And trust that life will fairer seem,
For the fond friendship you have had.

LOOK UP.

I CARE not for all of the darkness,
There is ever gladness for me,
The whitest ships are sailing
Over the calm summer sea.

And if you will look up to the starlight,
Will think of the love you still know,
There is nothing but blessings of kindness
In all the fair world as you go.

LOST.

GIVE him a push to help him along,
Whether his way be smooth or rough;
Though he has fallen, never mind—
To be forsaken is not enough.

Why should you care which way he goes?
You have comfort and friends and home;
Why stop to care for a drunkard's woes—
Leave him to fight his way alone.

Did he once know a mother's love?
Was once a father's joy and pride,
And sisters and brothers with loving care,
With peace and virtue walked side by side?

If you remember a time like this,
Drive the haunting thought away;
He is nearing a drunkard's grave—
Why should you lift him up today?

If you hear, don't heed his prayers for bread;
Let them fall on a heart of stone.
Leave him there in the muddy street,
Despised and forsaken, to die alone.

Far from a mother's tender care,
And all that once he held so dear;
No friend to give him a helping hand—
None but the angels to shed a tear.

Smile on in your joy, and forget if you can,
Rumseller, in your greed for gold,
How you have ruined a fellow man—
Lured him away from the home's dear fold.

How a demon was made of the fair, young boy,
When you gave him the poison wine to drink.
Do not touch him; your work is done,
For he is standing on ruin's brink.

O, the horrible ruin that is wrought
O'er all this world by the sale of rum!
But the dealer in souls don't seem to think
Of the wicked work that he has done.

He little dreams of a time to come,
When friend and foe together meet,
To be judged by God, who knows all wrong.
Then righteous punishment will be complete.

TREASURES.

THE sun was slowly fading,
From a sky tinged with crimson and gold,
While up the distant hill tops
Crept the shadows, fold on fold.
A woman gazed on its beauty,
And dreamily wondered why
We let our chances, like sunbeams,
Silently pass us by.

She took from the little table
Her cherished treasure-trove,
A casket given her by a friend,
As a token of her love.
But 'twas years since her eyes had feasted
On the treasures hidden there,
Over which sad tears had fallen
When she laid them away with care.

It was a mimic castle,
Stored with curious things—
Letters from parents and schoolmates,
Faded flowers and broken rings.
How cheering were some of those letters,
Full of hope, glad and free,
Though the merry one who sent them
Was far across the sea.

There were some boyish letters,
From her youngest brother Joe,
Now his dark hair is streaked with silver,
And his step is growing slow.

Ah, how time has changed the children,
And made their young hearts old,
They grow busy, and earnest and world-like,
Away from the home's dear fold.

There, too, were old love letters,
With the writing faded and dim.
She was reading the last one slowly
When her husband walked softly in.
"No need to keep them, darling,
Their story I know of old,
I have the writer with me,
She is worth her weight in gold.

"Burn the faded blossoms
You have kept so many years;
They seem to me as tokens
Of sad hearts and bitter tears.
They seem like clouds that darken
The sky on a summer's day,
And now with the evenings shadows
We will put them all away."

With light and gentle fingers,
She placed them out of sight,
In the darksome little prison
Unshared by one ray of light.
She turned smiling to the lover,
Grown old in years, we say,
But to her as young and handsome
As on their wedding day.

TIRED.

POOR, tired heart that needs some resting,
Poor, tired eyes with tears grown dim,
So tired of this life and its trials,
Of all its weakness and its sin.
Along a pathway all so thorny,
'Tis sad to find no bright sunshine,
No roses 'mid the storm-tossed leaflets,
But fearful ravages of time.

You hear the roar of angry billows,
That round your pathway foam and fret,
There may be rest, sometime, and sunshine,
But love and patience say, not yet.
Not yet must the dark cloud be lifted,
Or blighting sting of sorrow's dart
Be taken, e'en for one short moment,
From off your heavy burdened heart.

The bright springtime of life has vanished,
The harvest time is passing by;
E'en now the sombre shades of evening
Are darkening the crimson sky.
The sun of life is turning westward,
Soon will its rays be lost from sight,
But rest awhile with your dear loved ones,
Before you bid them all good night.

A REVERIE.

SOME think life is only a plaything,
To carelessly throw away,
Never thinking they'll be regretting
The time they have lost today.
The chances for good are unheeded—
Passed by like a gleam of the sun,
And at evening they silently wonder
Why the day was a fruitless one.

On the work we are doing, schoolmates,
Great care should be bestowed,
For the narrow path we are treading,
Leads up to a higher road.
Now, indeed, is life's springtime;
Good seed should fall from each hand,
That will spring up in fruitful blessings,
All over the sunny land.

Yet often we grow strangely weary
Of school and its busy care,
And think we might rest always,
'Neath skies that are bright and fair.
But we would soon tire of pleasure,
And life would seem only a jest,
If we did not employ our talents
To fulfill our Lord's behest.

In the school of life before us,
There are bitter lessons to learn;
Some clouds to darken our pathway,
No matter which way we turn.

Here leads the path to glory,
O'er many a frowning peak.
Here is crime and ruin,
For those who pleasures seek.

We despair of finding a station
In the higher ranks of life,
Or look beyond the present mist,
And the busy, bustling strife.
"They say there's a good time coming"—
"They say," but when will it come?
When our eyes are beyond the seeing,
And our weary lips are dumb?

We must learn to brave all danger,
And crush down the foes we meet.
That, after the gloomy battle,
Our triumph may be complete.
Our burdens will seem light and easy,
If we take them up with a smile,
And think, whatever our hardships,
'Tis just for a little while.

We do not learn time's value
When we are young and gay;
'Tis only when the brightness
Of morning has fled away,
That we see the eastward shadows
Lengthening far and wide,
And know that ours will soon be lost
In the shadow of eventide.

The last day, with its sunshine and shadow,
Laden with smiles and tears,
Soon will be quietly mingled
With the days of other years.
It has been a day of sadness,
For we must say goodbye
To those who have patiently fed us,
Of the fruits that never die.

Let them close their books for the present,
And rest their weary heads.
Let us repay them by holding
The good their lives have shed;
Working till life's school shall be ended—
Its bitter lessons o'er,
And the waiting boatman shall row us
To our rest on the other shore.

MY HEART IS WITH HER STILL.

I KNOW she is quietly sleeping
Away from our tender care,
Out of the reach of our clinging arms,
And the voices of song and prayer;

That the grasses are growing above her,
That the birds sing wild and free,
That the crickets chirp near her pillow,
That I cannot even see.

I know she is free from sorrow,
And every earthly ill,
But through the days that linger
My heart is with her still.

Out of life's fitful gladness
Sweet memories of her
Often come to cheer me
And make my pulses stir.

Of the purity, beauty and kindness
Of her life she has left a share
That, like an unseen presence,
Sometimes follows me everywhere.

And I thank God that he gave me
Her love for a little while.
I shall love her always, though never
On earth shall I see her smile.

The wind whistles down the chimney,
The light of day has gone,
And yet my wandering fancies,
Lead me on and on.

Back again to the gladness,
I knew when she was here,
To the singing and the sunshine,
That filled the time, year after year.

Today I saw the white pillars,
Agleam up there on the hill,
And all day I've been thinking about her,
For my heart is with her still.

A POEM.

[Kindly dedicated to Miss Lena Clark, on her sixteenth birthday, Oct. 9th, 1880.]

THE faint light of the morning
Changes to brighter day,
With merry sunbeams chasing
The darker shades away.

So it is with a sunny nature,
That looks on the brighter side;
Like a beacon light it guides us,
Across a stormy tide.

Now in youth's joyous springtime
The heart will be light and free,
Ere tossed about by the billows
That foam on life's restless sea.

So, gather with careless fingers
The flowers around your way;
'Twill be sweet to remember their fragrance,
Though their beauty will soon decay.

Birthdays are only milestones
On the journey from youth to age,
Yet we eagerly greet their coming,
As we turn from page to page.

Some pages we treasure in memory,
For the happy joys they hold—
The echo of gentle voices
Whose music will ne'er grow old.

Youth is the time to labor—
To work and patiently wait;
Though the pathway seems uneven,
His hand will make it straight.

Out of the tangled meshes,
Woven with careless hand,
Bright visions will sometimes cluster,
Like dreams of a sunny land.

The pictures of life that are sweetest,
Are mingled with sadness, too;
The flowers we think the fairest,
Are moistened with tears of dew.

Evening shades will linger
Nearest the setting sun,
And there, your life work ended,
Calmly waiting the "welcome home."

WE LET THE DAYS GO BY.

PEACEFUL, or sad, or joyous,
Winter, or summer or rain,
The days and nights are bringing
Their share of toil and pain.
But what care we for the weather
If we can be together,
We heed not the change of seasons,
But let the days go by.

Today brings a shadowed picture—
Misery want and woe.
Do I think, dear, had I known it,
I would have had it so?
I can not tell as I'm singing,
The joy-bells so loudly are ringing,
But we'll let others tell the story,
While the days are going by.

If all the sunshine were taken
From our sky, and but clouds remain,
How should we bear the darkness,
How keep out the rain?
We should be sad for a season,
Have so good a reason;
Then we should laugh together
As the days go swiftly by.

We are no better or truer,
Than hundreds we meet every day;
Then why should I mourn about you
If you ceased to come this way.
Why fret at the wind and weather,
If we cannot be together?
The world moves on as lightly
As the days go hurrying by.

THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL.

TODAY I've been watching the snow-flakes,
As they sifted softly down,
With a pure, white mantle covering
The autumn leaflets brown.

And I noticed the children's footsteps
Were filled with their tiny forms;
Who would think that these frost feathers
Could ever make rude storms.

There's been joy today in the school house—
Regret has few shadows cast;
Each heart is filled with gladness,
For this week is the last.

With relief our books will be gathered,
And eagerly laid away;
There'll be naught but an empty school room
To welcome the twilight gray.

But let us bear in mind, schoolmates,
That, though for a time we are free,
We are now preparing for the work of life,
And the years pass rapidly.

We must not strive in our labor
To win only gold and fame;
Prized above these fading treasures
Is a good and honored name.

Now is the time to labor,
To learn the way of truth,
The fingers of old age are too feeble
To pick up the threads of youth

And fill out the path with wisdom
That we passed but did not see
There'll be nothing then, dear schoolmates,
But regrets for you and me.

But success will crown our efforts,
If our time is well spent here;
We shall gain new strength in vacation,
To work through another year.

Our teachers have done their duty,
Kindly and nobly and well,
But how we have prized these blessings,
The future alone can tell.

If we've treasured the gems of knowledge,
They have striven for us to know,
We'll remember this term with gladness,
And proudly will reap what we sow.

When future years have been added
To our youth now joyous and free,
And we turn once more to the pages,
We have treasured in memory,

Perhaps we will dreamily ponder
O'er life's perplexing rule,
And smile as we live o'er in fancy,
This last happy day of school.

The sun is slowly fading,
Out of sight in the golden west,
Leaving a glow of crimson
On the hill-top's snowy crest.

Thus may the bright reflection
Of our schooldays ever be;
A beacon light to guide us,
To the gates of eternity.

AFTER THE RAIN.

THE flowers are shaking with laughter,
To be kissed by the sun,
And the clover tops are nodding,
'Neath the breath of the wind every one.

The grass, like a sea of emerald,
Is spangled with pearls of rain,
And the webs of the busy spiders
Must surely make them vain,

For they look like chains of diamonds,
Spread out in the sun,
The air is sweet with scented breath
After the rain has come.

The children, too, are happy,
They are full of fun as can be,
I can hear their shouts of laughter,
As they're shaking the rain from the tree.

That is bending above the hammock
Near the porch so clean and white;
O this is a world of beauty,
All filled with gladness and light.

AFTERWARD.

So oft, as I'm working, my darling,
A vision comes to me,
That I must find you, darling,
Wherever you may be.
And see you again, my darling,
And clasp you to my heart,
To keep you forever and ever,
Never again to part.

But it must not be, my darling;
You can not come to me—
Can not row back to earth-world,
Over that troubled sea,
To tell a strange, sweet story
Of that country whence you came,
That to us, through all the seasons,
Must only be known in name.

We must still bear in silence,
The loneliness and pain
That comes from losing you, Janie;
And over and over again
We hear your sweet voice calling,
And start to answer your call,
And then, to sadly remember,
It is only a dream after all.

You can not know, dear Janie—
'Twould make you sad to know
How much we miss you, Janie,
As the long hours come and go.

But we try to comfort each other—
Try to be kind and true;
Living each day, dear Janie,
As you would have us do.

If you were but here to tell us—
If your fond lips could say—
Could greet us as of olden time,
Before you went away.
Before you went on a journey
That each one must take alone;
A journey that leads one forever
Away from this earthly home.

The silence awakens sad memories—
We miss your dear form still,
And it seems so hard to be patient—
To gently bow to His will;
Yet, ever and ever, dear one,
We will strive to be good and true,
So that though you return not to meet us,
We shall sometime come to you.

LOSS AND GAIN.

I THOUGHT when I lost your love, dear,
That the light had gone out of the world;
That the forces of Nature, impassioned,
In the chaos of storm were hurled.

No rainbow dispelled the darkness;
There was not a gleam of the sun
To light two different pathways,
For we had traveled but one.

Deep was my sorrow, and bitter—
It shadowed my life like a spell;
A cruel return for affection—
For loving you, all too well.

But the heart must lose its burden,
And life grow sweet with cheer;
Must take up a song of gladness,
And lose its doubt and fear.

So the sun of hope has arisen,
And the flowers are all abloom;
And a newer love has awakened,
And in my life found room.

And I find life has different phases—
You were only one woman, at best,
And another is just as kind, dear,
And gives me of love the best.

And the world is bright about me—
All life is fair again;
And to the carols of peace and praises,
I solemnly say, "Amen."

EASTER DAY.

O EASTER day! O Easter gladness!
Our hearts forget their thoughts of sadness,
And we will join, with cheerful voice,
In praise to Him who says "rejoice."

O Sabbath calm! O blessed rest!
We feel that we are truly blest;
We bid all earthly cares farewell,
And bid peace for a season dwell.

O Easter morn! O glorious dawn!
A joy for souls to feast upon;
A season of supreme delight,
That rids us of the fears of night.

Welcome, thrice welcome, blessed day!
Thy light, 'tis true, shall pass away,
But thy memory, to cheer and bless,
Returns in all its sacredness.

"WHEN ROSES BLOOMED."

SHE sat in the afternoon sunshine,
A lady sweet and fair,
With scarcely a white thread showing
In the brown of her shining hair.

Her brow, so white and unwrinkled,
Was a pleasant one to see;
And her cheeks, just tinged with roses,
Were as fair as they could be.

She sat by the table sewing,
Her fingers nimble yet strong,
Made the dainty needle glisten,
As her lips hummed a cheery song.

A butterfly, gay and gaudy,
Came in at the open door,
And restlessly fluttering, settled
On the work her fingers bore.

With a shadow on her features,
She arose with a gesture of pain,
And took the fluttering creature
To the open door again.

"You must not stay here in the shadow,"
She said as she let it go,
"Nor lose one bit of the sunshine
That was meant for you, you know."

Then she sat dreaming sadly,
Of a time when she was as gay
As the butterfly wandering idly
Into her home that day.

"Just as gay and light-hearted,"
She said with a half-drawn sigh,
"And, yes, I know far happier,
Until Jack said goodbye."

"I wonder if he remembers—
He said he would not forget;"
She smiled a little sadly,
And her lashes with tears were wet.

“Here is the silver thimble
He gave me long ago.
Ah me, who would think a woman
Would treasure a kindness so?”

“And now the roses are blooming,
I feel their scented breath;
O how well I used to love them—
I shall love them till my death.”

Then as the tears fell quickly,
On the work that she had done,
She scolded herself, “Am I sorry
Because the roses have come?”

“And what is the use of pining?
I know he meant to be true,
When he left me here in the cottage,
And sailed o’er the ocean blue.”

“He said when the roses were blooming,
He would claim me for his bride;
But they’ve budded and bloomed and faded,
Many times since he left my side.”

Then she took up her work in silence,
She had no time to be sad,
When everything bright around her,
Was trying to make her glad.

A shadow darkened the doorway,
A tall man bronzed and brown,
On the pretty little woman,
From his height stood looking down.

She gazed at him a moment,
He gave a pleasant smile too,
Then she cried, as she started towards him,
"Dear Jack, I knew 'twas you."

"Didn't I tell you, dearest,
That I'd surely come to you, when?"
"Yes I remember, Jack dear,
When the roses bloomed again."

SINCE JANIE DIED.

THE days are long and dreary,
And some ways, O, so weary!
And I have tried
To be as cheerful as ever,
By effort and endeavor,
As I was before she died.

The wind is wild and raving,
But I heed not his behaving
Since Janie died;
What if the branches quiver,
And the water on the river
Is a frozen tide!

My heart chants out its moaning,
In sunlight or in gloaming,
And, arts defied,
I stand alone in sorrow,
From a day until its morrow,
Since Janie died.

I miss her fond, sweet greeting,
That came at every meeting,
And long to see
Again her look of pleasure,
That now I can but treasure
In memory.

I miss her gentle laughter;
The silence that comes after,
I deplore.
I fain would clasp and hold her,
If my arms could enfold her
As of yore.

We were happy in the old days,
With their quaint and changeful byways,
Side by side.
But all changed for me forever,
Are the joys that can come never—
Since Janie died.

YOU WOULDN'T IF YOU LOVED ME.

You wouldn't if you loved me—
You wouldn't, dear, I say,
Be cross, and unkind, and selfish,
But pleasant to me every day.

You wouldn't slight and neglect me,
But act kindly as you go;
If you but loved me and cheered me,
Life would be sweeter, I know.

So I say, if you loved me, darling,
As I have loved you, e'er so true,
No sorrow could cast a shadow
O'er this life for me and you.

PLEADING.

You tell me to be gay and have no care,
Yet sorrows come and all my moments share.

I'm often sad, yet in my heart is room
For love of you—a sweet and precious boon.

You need not care If I still love you, Pet,
For loving hearts, at times, can not forget.

You have no need to ever think of me—
Sail as you will, on calm, untroubled sea.

Go take your ease—lure pleasure at your will;
Pause not to think that I am lonely still.

The years will change, but only sunny days
Will come to you, in many pleasant ways.

The thorns and ruder paths will be for me,
And where you pause I never more shall be.

So grudge me not the joy of loving you,
Though all of earth prove changeful and untrue.

TO A PET HORSE.

GOODBYE, my dear old playmate,
I am sad as I can be,
To think that you have left me,
And your face I can not see.

I watch the moonbeams quiver,
And count the twinkling stars,
But I know you will never meet me
Down by the pasture bars.

You were so patient, Elec,
And quiet as could be
Until your old 'Fly' mother
Just kicked you on your knee.

You stood the pain and torture
As long as any horse could,
And then you fell right over—
I felt sure that you would.

Then you just lay there and suffered,
Your knee was so full of pain,
But now you're asleep forever,
I shall never see you again.

I remember, all through the summer,
Down in the pasture green,
You ran like a horse on the race-track
And you got awful poor and lean.

I used to think you were crazy,
You ran so swiftly and long,
I don't know why you did it,
Unless 'twas to make you strong.

And now, my poor old Eloc,
You're dead and out of sight,
And I shall never see you
At morning, noon, or night.

So I must weep in silence
For the pet that I have lost,
I must say goodbye, but never
Will you know at what a cost.

WHEN THE DAY IS OVER.

AFTER the daytime is ended,
And the curtains of night are down,
Don't pause to fret and worry,
With a discontented frown.

What if some tasks are unfinished—
You surely have done your best;
Then try to be patient and thankful,
And trust in God for the rest.

Get behind the curtain of sorrow,
Where the rainbow of hope is bright;
Don't be forever despairing,
And all of life's goodness slight.

Rest in the peace and contentment
Of the better gifts you know;
For, freely, tender mercy
And blessings He'll bestow.

So look above and about you;
There are flowers everywhere,
If you, with gentle patience,
Will give them your watchful care.

So rest when the day is over—
You are not comfortless;
Be happy for those who love you,
And strive their lives to bless.

FLOY.

O BRING me not books or jewels!
Or costly things so fair;
But give me my baby's picture—
My baby with golden hair.
Here in this little corner
Are the treasures she used to hold,
Before she left forever,
Her mother's loving fold.

The cab with its shining cover,
In which she used to ride,
With loving friend or parent,
And dear "Zhach" by her side.
The doll cab, with dolly in it,
Is just as it used to be;
It reminds me, O, so sadly,
Of the darling I cannot see.

The dishes she used to play with—
The blocks, the dust pan and broom,
And all of my baby's playthings,
Are here in this shadowed room.
And poor old "Zhack," as she called him,
He loved her, and one bright day
She took up the shears that were lying
Around somewhere in the way,

And, holding them in her fingers,
So chubby, and round, and white,
She cut the tips of both his ears,
As he lay in the warm sunlight.
He let her pet and love him,
As she laughed in her childish glee,
Cooing, and patting him gently,
As happy as she could be.

Sometimes, in the deepening twilight,
When I'm lonely as I can be,
I wish that my little darling
Would come back once more to me.
But the lips that I kissed so fondly,
Return not my kiss tonight;
No more do they say sweetly,
"Now I lay me," or "good night."

The home is so dark and silent,
With no one to play "Boo Peep,"
The empty crib in the corner
Tells us she's not asleep.
I miss the laughing features,
Framed in with curls of gold,
And the fair sweet face that nestled
Close to mine in the days of old.

Ah yes, I have her treasures,
But they never look to me
As they did when she was with me,
And her voice so full of glee,
Made baby plans with the playthings,
As she sat with them on the floor,
And now, as I sit here thinking,
She is playing with them once more.

Grandpa, poor old grandpa,
With hair so snowy white,
Are you not sad and lonely
Without her here tonight?
Oft will the winds of winter,
In piercing cadence blow
Around your neck where her fingers
Were clasped in the long ago.

And, too, when you come to the table,
Although there's no vacant chair,
You will miss the "Take me, Grandpa,"
As she used to meet you there;
Always ready for grandpa,
Waiting for him to come,
This precious little darling—
The light of grandpa's home.

And patient, loving grandma,
With her dark hair streaked with gray,
How sad she has been, and lonely,
Since the baby went away.
But we have His own sure promise
That we shall meet our own,
When the shadows of earth, and its sorrows,
In the bliss of Heaven are outgrown.

LATE ROSES.

I SEE you in the wayside hedges,
 Friendly companions to the golden-rod;
Your cheerful faces nodding, bending,
 Above the ledge of thickly weeded sod.

Your thorny branches still look green and thrifty,
 Your faces turn white toward the southern breeze;
I daily wonder how our heavenly Father
 Has thought to give us comforters like these.

Why do you linger, when the season
 For your sweet blooming has long passed away?
Are you to form a part and substance
 Of Autumn, with its flaming colors gay?

O roses, how I love to grasp you,
 Though your short lives but tell me to beware
Of earth and its few, fleeting pleasures;
 Of its indulgences—of weary care.

I greet you as a fresh, fair picture—
 As old friends, true and trusted, though afar;
I feel the sweetness of your dewy fragrance,
 And half forget what ills of life there are.

Beautiful roses, freely blooming—fading,
 Growing on prairie and in fruitful field;
We are so thankful for the generous earth-world
 That can such beauty to our eye-sight yield.

Bloom on, till winter comes to chain you
 'Neath mounds of snow, and ice, and leaves and rain;
But you will come to us in all your freshness,
 When far and near, the spring time comes again.

I WOULD JUST AS SOON DIE AS NOT.

WHEN the clouds have all gone out of the sky,
When the flowers have ceased to grow,
When the hills and vales are brown and bare,
Or covered with ice and snow,
When the stars have wandered out of their paths,
And the moon shines through the day,
When my pet pig is drowned in a rain barrel, too,
And my rabbit has run away,
When the dogs have killed my pretty kitten,
And my squirrel has died, and my bird,
When I am told to keep still all the time,
Can scarcely speak a word,
When fire and storm destroy my grain,
Or the store that I keep in town,
I think I would just as soon die as not,
Though I am never cast down.
When friends no more are kind and true,
And do as they use to do,
When the sun refuses to shine at all,
And the sea has lost its blue,
When my horse has taken the grippe and died,
And the chickens and children have flown,
What is the use of living I say
In a drear world all alone.
When I am getting old and gray,
And trials come thick as spatter,
I have no time to sit and pine,
And wonder what's the matter.
When the world is all turned upside down,
And there isn't a quiet spot,
When there is no system to run it by,
I'd just as soon die as not.

When the birds have ceased to sing and play,
And all folks can agree,
The world will be coming to a pretty pass,
As any one can see.
When there are no more fires to light,
And the dishes will wash themselves,
And pies and cakes, all in a row,
Will be found on the pantry shelves,
Then we'll not need those things to eat,
And wander along in space,
And will not know when we come to it,
What we mean by a friendly face,
When everything goes wrong or right,
As now I am sure, it cannot,
When I can no longer wander here,
I would just as soon die as not.

RETALIATION.

AND so you thought you had broken my heart,
With your taunts and your cruel sneers—
Had filled my life with a nameless dread,
To darken the future years.

You thought you had darkened my life with pain,
And you were out of my reach,
With your cold neglect and harsher tones,
And your bitterness of speech.

But words can fly to the ends of the earth,
And thoughts to the end of space,

And the poisoned arrows you have sent,
May come back to their starting place.

The slights and wrongs you have given me
May into your own life come,
Ere you have tasted of life's best wine,
And your labor for love is done.

Did you test the power of woman's love
To measure the depth of hate?
Or did you think to compromise
Before it was too late?

Did you have to torture a loving heart—
Fill it with misery—
That you might see, after truth and love,
How bitter a woman could be?

The truth will come back to your heart some day,
When the sweetest pleasures have flown;
When the love you claim as your own today,
By the changes of time is outgrown.

When the depths of your erring heart shall feel
The sting of a sweet joy lost,
You will have purchased my pardon then—
Do you think at too great a cost?

I think no sorrow, or pain, or woe,
Is too great for your heart to bear,
For you've scorned a gentle and loving heart;
So I say to you now, "Beware!"

SEEN FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

WE smile in bitter envy as we see
Some favored ones go gladly on their way,
And sigh to think our lives so burdened are,
While theirs are sunny hours with joy alway.

How we would cast away our selfish pride,
Could we but see them from the other side.

We can not guess what aching hearts they hide,
What sorrows deep they cover with a smile,
And find sweet comfort only in the thought,
That they will suffer just a little while.

We can not tell what fortune will betide,
For we judge blindly from the other side.

Let us be careful in our chiding then,
Repress the cold harsh words and look and tone,
That may cause deeper pain than thrust of sword,
Or deeper anguish, than our hearts have known.

Cast all our scorn and bitterness aside,
Nor judge until we see the other side.

TO MY LOVE.

DEAR one, I know not if your heart be mine,
Or if some other heart in hope is thine.
But this I know I long to see your face,
And hear your merry laughter's ringing chime.

'Tis an old custom, yet I love it well,
Of sending tokens on this pleasant day,
To those we love and will remember well,
As changeful years pass silently away.

We'll treasure well this day of mirth and glee,
For years, its echo sweet shall roll along,
Like some fair spirit that has lost its way,
And tells its love in happy bursts of song.

God bless you then, through all the years to come,
And bring you happy days and peace and love.
And when from earth your footsteps journey on,
Sing endless praises unto Him above.

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU.

Is it nothing to you, that I measure
The depth of your love by my own?
That I treasure the light as brighter,
That on both of our pathways shone?

Is it nothing to you that I wander,
In stranger paths untried,
And I find such rugged places—
The sweetest of joys denied?

Is it nothing to you that I miss you,
With your kindliness of grace?
That I long, O so often, 'mid strangers,
To catch but a glimpse of your face?

After all, is it nothing to you, dear,
To have me for your friend?
Would you rather be working and striving,
Alone—to the bitter end?

If so, let the future come quickly—
The glorious sights uncloze;
The hills and mountains and valleys,
Abloom with the lily and rose.

It is nothing to you that I crowned you,
The noblest of earth—my King.
You scorned my love, and cast it
Aside, as a worthless thing.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THE old year is dying tonight love,
Does he sigh for the past that has gone?
As we sigh for some dearly loved treasure
We must leave and again journey on?

On to the future awaiting,
Whatever its days may bring,
Rich joys all fresh and enduring,
Or flowers pale—withering.

Come, watch as the bells tell the message,
Ring out the old year tonight,
Together we'll welcome the morrow
With its radiant new-born light.

Together sing praise for the blessings,
Of health and kind friends given,
Let no earthly bliss mar the promise
Of sweet rest at last in heaven.

IF.

If I am cruel—unkind,
I think that you want me to be,
For I was loving and kind,
When you were good to me.

If I can smile and be calm,
When your heart is mad with woe,
'Twill be nothing strange to you,
For you like me better so.

If I am gayer at times,
Than you would think I could be,
I have taken the cue from you—
You are not too blind to see.

If all the world goes wrong,
And Reason to Pride gives way,
'Tis because I have learned so well,
The lesson you taught me one day.

Ah! you remember it, too,
I am sure by the look in your eyes.
Why should you shrink and start?
You have uttered many goodbyes

With a tender and quivering voice,
As if you *cared*, you know.
And I would have thought you *did*,
In those fair days long ago.

But you taught me better than that,
So I should not moan or sigh
If the light and the hope of my life,
Went out with a last "Goodbye."

For I would laugh and be gay,
And the world would never know,
Yet—well, if I'm cruel at times,
'Tis because you have made me so.

DRIFTING.

THE light grows dim and dimmer
From the shore and sunlit sea,
And my heart hears whispering voices
As I m drifting out to sea.

Drifting from home and loved ones,
Whose faces are dear to me;
Leaving, perhaps forever,
The home that used to be,

Through shadows and shifting sunbeams,
A shelter of sweet content.
And where the years of my childhood
In happiness were spent.

My heart must abide in the stillness
Of the solemn dark, that leaves
A sense of unrest and longing,
As I wait, and wonder, and grieve.

Farther and farther seaward,
My boat drifts with the tide;
I care not whither it takes me,
For you are not by my side.

Alone on the wild, wide ocean,
(Though many friends are near,)
For the heart that holds my life-love
Is never with me here.

The storm may meet and drive me,
A shattered wreck at last,
Upon some desert sea-shore,
When hope and joy are passed.

But it matters not. I am waiting
For the last act, that shall be
An end to this weary existence—
This drifting out to sea.

The chime of distant church bells
Awake me with a start,
From the swiftly changing fancies
That are filling my wayward heart.

The joy-bells of the Sabbath
Are ringing for you and me.
Do you hear their lingering echoes?
Are you happy as can be?

I see the faint light gleaming
Beside the quiet lea,
But it is not my bark of Hope, love,
That is drifting out to sea.

The bells have ceased their ringing;
The tide flows out again,
As the lives are changing ever,
Of women and of men.

But I am truly happy,
In your love so fond and true;
I think you will trust me ever,
As I am trusting you.

Nothing shall dim the gladness
Of the light that shines today,
In the eyes once dim with weeping,
In sorrow's twilight gray.

For the true light your love has awakened,
The old glad peace to be.
Thank God, my boat forever
Is anchored by the sea.

YEARS AFTER.

THEY come with a cadence of pity—
These memories I hold of you;
It was hard at first to believe it—
That you were indeed untrue.

That your life was a common story
Of the erring ways of men;
But never, on life's horizon,
Will the picture be fair again.

'Tis an oft repeated story,
The busy world, with fate's dart,
Has wounded, but not beyond healing,
A faithful woman's heart.

OUR BOYS.

O HOW we love these boys of ours,
How we would shield them day by day
From every harm that can destroy,
From perilous paths where they may stray.

We e'er would keep them kind and true,
Would have them noble, strong in might,
Shunning evil in every form,
Be on the side of truth and right.

Our hands reach out in kindly thought
To hold them from the tempter's breath;
To save them from the sinful toil,
That leads to ruin, crime and death.

We hold, as dearer than all wealth,
These boys, fast growing into men,
Who, all too soon leave home's safe care,
Some never to know its peace again.

And O we claim their friendship, too,
There's strength and courage in a tone.
And we would aid all struggling here—
Leave none to wage the war alone.

O royal lives! O hearts so true,
If guided in the way of right,
Yes, hearts of oak, and arms whose strength
Are sure to conquer in the fight.

And so we grasp them by the hand,
Aid them as brothers day by day,
Knowing the links that form love's chain,
Through Time's storms cannot rust away.

TOMMY'S OPINION.

"I THINK you're in love," said Tommy,
"For you act so dreadful queer;
You have not had a romp with us
For almost half a year."

"You never go running and playing
With us, as you used to do,
And I think it so mean of you, Tacy,
And horrid, now that's what I do."

"And you used to read in the evening,
Or tell us the funniest jokes;
But I guess now you're getting too stylish
To sit with us common folks."

“For you draw down the blinds in the parlor,
And close the door this side of Phil,
And a mouse half dead for his supper,
I am sure could not be so still.”

“Yes, I think it’s too bad of you, Tacy,
And when I was sick, as you knew,
You would not come home, once, to see me,
Unless Philip came with you too.”

“So I s’pose you’re his girl now forever,
For I know you’ll not come home to stay,
Unless you leave Phil in the city,
And come here alone, all the way.”

“I’m sorry you went there last summer
To work, if you *do* get more pay,
For we never have any good play-time
Since you went to the city to stay.”

“And I wish (if you want to get married)
That you’d just put this fooling aside,
And quit spooning and mooning,
And be Philip’s dear little bride.”

“But I think it is horrid of Phillip,
To coax you to go away,
That is, for Mary and Richard,
And poor little me, as I say.”

“But we’ll try to live on without you,
For I s’pose you’d be happier there,
But I shan’t come to the wedding,
Or let you know that I care.”

“For we thought a great deal of you, Tacy,
But you left us of your own free will,
Goodbye, if we’ve got to say it,
And give you away to Phil.”

LOVE ME FOR WHAT I AM.

I KNOW I am full of thoughts, dear,
Am wrong as the days go by,
But there’s always changeable weather,
There are sometimes clouds in the sky.

So be patient and loving with me,
Bear with me while I stay,
’Twill be a pleasant memory
Of you when I go away.

Don’t remember the frowns I give you,
The cross words that I say,
But let their memory perish
Like the mist on a summer’s day.

And remember, too, how I love you,
I am doing the best I can,
So don’t try to make me perfect,
But love me for what I am.

SWEET LILACS.

HANGING in heavy clusters,
With borderings of green,
You sway in the summer sunshine,
With the wavering lights between.

O beautiful, fragrant blossoms,
Purple, and pink, and blue,
And white—so pure and lovely—
How Nature cherishes you!

Let me grasp you and keep you,
With your drops of healthful rain;
You bring me blessed comfort,
Over and over again.

Beautiful, beautiful lilacs!
You remind me of all good things,
Though the years are passing swiftly,
As Hope's joyful bell still rings.

I welcome you O, so gladly!
I clasp you as in a dream;
No more does my boat drift idly
Adown the sullen stream.

TO GUY.

Now, Guy, I'm not going to scold you,
For the clouds are too dark in the sky,
The time is too short for chiding
As the days go hurrying by.

But you have the world before you,
You are young and proud and strong,
So why should life prove a failure,
Or your cherished plans be wrong.

There is a method of saving,
That you ought to heed today,
'Tis that of the precious moments,
Too costly to trifle away.

Fill the hours with your best efforts
Of study and reading and truth,
And gather friends about you,
Who are a blessing to your youth.

Be earnest and sober and thoughtful,
Stern duties are calling you,
They may seem today like trifles,
But obey them and you will be true.

There is hope, like a beacon gleaming
Above the heights of success,
So strive in the might of your manhood
For life's true blessedness.

COMING AND GOING.

Two guests came into our home one day,
And glad were we too greet,
Our happy converse made the hours
Go by with flying feet.

The evening waned, and quiet rest
Chained all in slumbers sweet,
Unconscious of the care and strife
That the daytime would repeat.

Out of the silence of early dawn,
Our two guests rose and went,
Without a token, or word, or kiss,
As a happy supplement.

Thus, year after year, the shadows fall;
They come and they go at will.
And some we love so tenderly,
Leave us in silence still.

They pass from our homes like a sunlit ray;
From our lives like a shadow of mist;
Out from the hearts that throb and ache—
Away from the lips they have kissed.

Coming and coming and going,
Over and over the tide;
But there's never a boat that is anchored,
Till it reaches the other side.

CHANGED.

THE years have come and gone, Pauline,
With the joys that could not last;
And scenes that we once loved, Pauline,
Are buried in the past.

I've felt the sting of scorn, neglect—
Have hated friend and foe;
But O, to feel life's keen regret,
Was by far the deepest woe.

But now I know that you are changed;
We e'er shall dwell apart,
For you have found a newer love
To cherish in your heart.

Changed are we both, as time goes on;
All things are changing, too,
And who shall chide us, after all,
If either was untrue.

You are reading sweeter chapters now,
In the Fairy Book of life,
Than you'd have found in all the years,
Had you remained my wife.

I think that I am happier, too—
Time works a wondrous change;
And we must live as others live—
On the joys that are in range.

And so, as seasons come and go,
We will not sigh or weep,
But live, and love the present joys,
And let the old dreams sleep.

DON'T DO IT.

If you think of a harsh word, my children,
Or an unkind act you may do,
Keep your tongue still, and keep from acting,
Be earnest and kind and true.

Don't let the darkness of discord
Come between you and the light,
Do the best that you can every hour,
Try your best to always do right.

But if you can carry a dewdrop
Of comfort to one who is sad,
Can call a smile to pale features,
Can make some heavy heart glad,

Then do it. And gather rare jewels
Of happiness round your own way,
But if you have madness or sadness,
Don't give it to others, I pray.

SUMMER.

AND is this summer, rife with gladsome mirth?
Rich foliage, all unmarred by autumn's hand,
And merry birds that warble day by day,
And fields of ripening grain, o'er all the land?

All earth seems smiling at the free, full store
Of nature's granary of wood and field,
Rejoicing that her children—toiling now,
Shall have the best her generous form can yield.

Smile on, O summer! soon your royal brow
Will crowned be with autumn's stinging frost;
And all the cheerful green that greets us now,
In varied tints of autumn will be lost.

We love you well, dear summer, fresh and pure,
And sigh to think each year we have to part;
But the rich verdure and the birds' sweet songs
Leave summer still unfading in the heart.

LOVE ME AND TELL ME SO SOMETIMES.

AH, dear kind friend of mine, look up
And tell me if you truly see
The future years that time will bring
Unveiled from all their mystery.
Are we to be as true and fond
In days to come, in the fair beyond?

Will you e'er tire of my loving deeds,
And fond caresses that shall cling
Around your memory every day,
The fruit of love's sweet fostering?
Or will you long for sunnier climes,
And forget to love me, dear, sometimes?

The time is short that we have to live,
And life is a tale of sad unrest,
If there is no kindness to brighten it,
No answering to love's fond behest.
The years go by with their rythm and rhyme,
If you love me tell me so sometimes.

Don't let the days go by, dear one,
And, buried in the grave of years,
Lose all their blessedness and peace,
Beneath a symphony of tears.
A life robbed of cheering light repines,
So love me and tell me so sometimes.

You can but say in simple words
"I love you, dear," and I am glad,
If I had only one voiced proof,
Of your fond love I'd not be sad,
I'd never sigh for other shrines,
If you'd love me and tell so sometimes.

WHEN I GROW OLD.

WHEN I grow old, I do not want to live,
To hear the taunts and sneers the careless bring,
And feel the bitter anguish from their slights,
That in my heart would plant a lasting sting.

When I grow old, I do not want to stay
Where my heart hungers for affection fond;
I do not want to speak of love and trust,
When ne'er a kindred feeling will respond.

When I grow old, I cannot bear neglect—
To be forgotten is my greatest dread;
I think 'twere sweeter when my work is done,
If I could rest in silence with the dead.

O, the bitter, bitter pain of growing old,
Unloved, uncared for, through the passing years;
My legacy the memory of a dream,
Set to the requiem of repentant tears.

My heart misgives me as the days go by,
Though now I know my friends are good and kind.
Their tender ministry makes earth a dream
Of joy and beauty, peace and love, combined.

Yes, this I know, and then comes a dark fear
Of change and coldness, unkind looks and ways,
That make a misery of life,
And shadow all the once bright, sunny days.

And so when I grow old, and life's calm night
Is settling slowly into twilight gray,
I trust the kind Lord will not let me live
To know or feel the truth of what I say.

PRETTY PET.

Now Pretty Pet and Polly Pan
Lived in an old, tin oyster can.
They were too small to scold and fret—
Blithe Polly Pan and Pretty Pet.

Our Jamie caught them in the slough;
Said he, "Aha, I'm fond of you,
And when you have much larger grown,
I'll have two fishes all my own."

And so they swam about in glee,
As gay and happy as could be;
Darting quickly in the sun,
Flirting water—O, such fun!

They grew so fast that Jamie found
They could not freely turn around,
Unless they had a larger dish;
And so, what better could they wish,

Than a painted barrel, sawed in two?
“There,” said Jamie, “that will do.”
But since misfortune comes to all,
On these fish, too, it chanced to fall.

One sunny day as James came out
To watch his treasures dart about,
He saw a sight that was not all sport,
In this red barrel sawed so short.

For Polly Pan, all in a fret,
Was swallowed whole by Pretty Pet.
Soon the barrel was empty as well as the can,
For Pretty Pet died—after Polly Pan.

THE TIDE.

THE tide creeps out neath the hanging rocks,
’Neath the glow of the sunkissed sea;
While the whispering winds come near and tell
Their story to you and me.

I love the maddening splashing waves,
The rolling tumbling sea,
I reckon me not of the future hours
The joys or the cares to be.

For the golden glow of the fading sun,
Brings a beautiful vision of rest,
Where no storms e'er come at day or night,
To sorrow or peace molest.

NOTHING LIKE WORK.

THERE is nothing like work for an aching heart,
There is nothing like work for the brain,
There is nothing like good, honest, sensible work
For weariness, sadness or pain.

If you feel life is dreary and thorny and rough,
Don't grumble and dawdle and shirk,
But get down to business, give care to the winds,
And fill the bright minutes with work.

There is nothing like work to keep off the blues,
Or to bring joy and peace 'stead of sorrow,
So encourage the spirit of laboring thrift
And let work be the trouble you borrow.

There is nothing like work the whole world around,
For American, Indian or Turk,
So, if you'd be happy and live at your ease,
Just season your life with hard work.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 905 110 9